

LANGSTON
AND WOODSON
Atlanta, Ga.

WHOLESALE GROCERS,
BAGGING AND TIES, FERTILIZERS,
HAY AND GRAIN.
ESTABLISHED 1860.

July 12th, 1896.

"POSTELL'S ELEGANT" FLOUR.

This mill, after being closed for two months, has started up with an entire new equipment of machinery. We challenge the world to equal it. Full stock now in store.

COTTON TIES.

We have purchased the entire product of the Rome Tie Mills for the present season, with a capacity of one thousand bundles per day. We are in position to supply the trade.

BAGGING.

We have a large stock of standard brands, distributed at the seaports; can reach any territory to advantage. If you are in the market, correspond with us.

LANGSTON & WOODSON, Atlanta, Ga.

The Autocrat Out Today.

CONTENTS.

"The Cradle of Nullification"—By D. Higbee.
"An Angel in the Pit," More Leaves from Mr. Kidder's Diary. Dedicated to "The Atlantians"—By Benton Neal Thornton.
"In the Wilderness"—By D. Higbee.
"Realization"—By Agnes Deane.
"To a Carnation"—By Patience B. Strong.
"People Who Write"—By D. Higbee.
"Just Once"—By Matt Galleher. Spoken Aside.

You cannot afford to miss reading Mr. Thornton's story, which has to do with the summer opera company, nor the "Spoken Aside," which refers in rather warm terms to the introduction of the negro melody and like songs in the operas produced by the same company.

THE AUTOCRAT has been an assured success from its first number.

Subscription \$1.00 per year, including a copy of D. Higbee's beautiful story, "Un Ze Studio." P. O. Box 221.

AT THE NEWS STANDS.

NOTICE.

Treasury Department, Office of Comptroller of the Currency, Washington, June 26, 1896.—Whereas, by satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that the Fourth National bank of Atlanta, in the city of Atlanta, in the county of Fulton and state of Georgia, has complied with all the provisions of the statutes of the United States requiring to be complied with before an association shall be authorized to commence the business of banking; Now, therefore, I, George M. Coffin, deputy and acting comptroller of the currency, do hereby certify that the Fourth National bank of Atlanta, in the city of Atlanta, in the county of Fulton, and state of Georgia, is authorized to commence the business of banking as provided in section 508 of the revised statutes of the United States. In testimony whereof witness my hand and seal of office this 26th day of June, 1896.
GEORGE M. COFFIN,
Deputy and Acting Comptroller of the Currency.
No. 604.



Matting
To Close Out
Baby Carriages
To Close Out
Bedroom Suits
To Close Out
Sideboards
To Close Out
Hat Racks
To Close Out

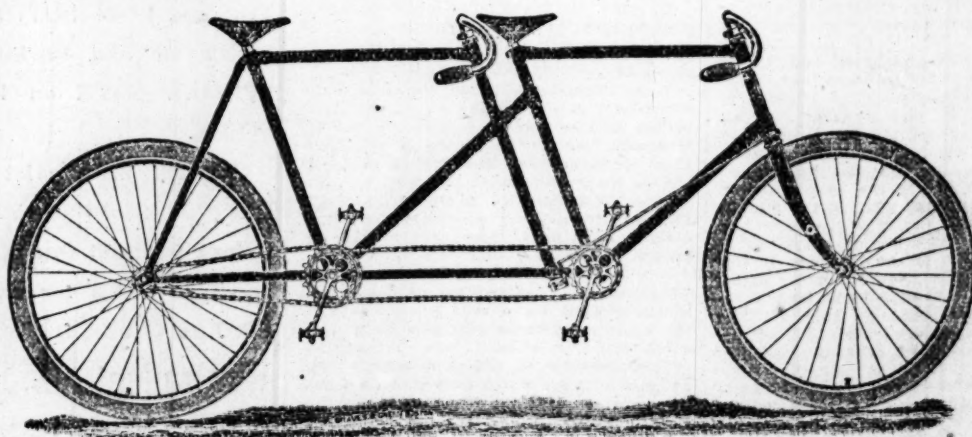


You cannot afford to turn your back to my great
Close Out Sale Next Week

This is business talk. I am determined to raise money and reduce stock. To do this I fully realize what's to be done. CUT PRICES.

**T. J. FAMBRO, 87 and 89
Peachtree St.**

BICYCLES!



NAPOLEON RACERS.....	\$125	NAPOLEON ROADSTERS.....	\$100
BEN HUR ROADSTERS.....	\$100	CENTENNIALS.....	\$ 85
"PEGASUS,"		THE MOST POPULAR WHEEL ON	
EARTH.....		\$75	

Terms easy. Catalogue free. Satisfaction guaranteed. Agents wanted everywhere in Georgia, Alabama and South Carolina. Write quick.

WOOD & BEAUMONT STOVE AND FURNITURE CO., 85-87 Whitehall, 70-72 S. Broad

CHAMBERLIN - JOHNSON - DUBOSE CO.

TO THE PUBLIC.

As heretofore announced, we will begin stock taking on the 20th of this month. In order to simplify and facilitate the work of invoicing as much as possible we will from this date sell goods at lower prices than you've ever known.

All good merchants want their bank accounts plethoric and their merchandise holdings meagre when the inventory has been finished. To help us accomplish our purpose we have marked all stocks—especially warm-weather stuffs—at the rockiest rock-bottom prices.

Wash Goods, Colored Dress Goods, Laces, Embroideries, Shirt Waists, Belts, Underwear, Neckwear, Fans, Ribbons, Linens, Carpets, Matting, Rugs, Draperies, Furniture—in fact, everything beneath the roof has felt the influence of the recent reductions. For genuine, real, money-saving Bargains in dependable qualities you must visit

CHAMBERLIN - JOHNSON - DUBOSE CO.

PANTS

RECEIVER'S SALE

Made to Order From Any Piece of Cloth in Our Store,

\$2.95!

PRICES WERE \$4.00 TO \$8.00.

DAVIS TAILORING COMPANY

14 PEACHTREE ST.

114 WHITEHALL ST.

97 DECATUR ST.

July 12-1896

In pursuance of an order of Fulton superior court, I will sell for cash the outfit of the job printing office, lately conducted by S. Guthman, at No. 116 South Forsyth street, consisting of one mill, one 10x15 C. & P. Gordon steam presses, one three-horse power Jenson motor, counter shafts and main line shaft and pulleys, 40 fonts jobbing display type, 150 fonts body type, 25 fonts miscellaneous type, sundry fonts brass rule and wad type, 1 imposing stone, 3 double job stands, 4 job cases, 1 type case and other small material usually used in a first-class job office; also, tag boards, Bristol board, rag, bond and linen flat papers, news, shipping tags, cut cards, envelopes, printers' inks, a lot of assorted writing and copying inks and mucilage and stationery; 1 safe, 2 oak desks and 1 letter-copying press, 1 platform scale. Bids will be received by me for said property, which can be seen on application to me at No. 10 E. Mitchell street.
MORRIS BARWALD, Receiver.

By order of the board,
W. F. GAY, Chairman.
H. P. BLALOCK, Clerk.

I certify that the above and foregoing is a true extract from the minutes of the court of commissioners of roads and revenues.

H. P. BLALOCK, Clerk.

July 12 19 sun

STOCKS HIGHER.

The gains amounted to 1-1/2 to 3-4 per cent.

CLOSED ABOUT THE BEST

Breaking of the drought in Texas causes a decline in cotton. Wheat higher.

THE GOLD RESERVE.

Washington, July 11.—Gold withdrawal today amounted to \$125,500, leaving the reserve at \$1,000,000.

THE COTTON MARKET.

Spot Cotton Quotations. Atlanta—Nominal; middling 7 1/2. Liverpool—Easter; middling 3 1/2.

McIntyre & Wardwell's Cotton Letter.

By private wire to the Paine-Murphy Co. New York, July 11.—Cotton market today was quiet.

THE CHICAGO MARKET.

Speculative Articles Closed at a Slight Advance Yesterday. Chicago, July 11.—The market for speculative articles closed at a slight advance yesterday.

MONITOR.

July 11. 7:10 7:07 7:04 7:15 7:12. August 7:11 7:08 7:05 7:16 7:13.

Closing Stock Review.

New York, July 11.—New York News Bureau.—The stock market today developed decided strength, and commission houses were fairly liberal in their offers.

LOCAL BONDS AND STOCKS.

The following are bid and asked quotations. Georgia 104 1/2, 104 3/4. Alabama 104 1/2, 104 3/4.

THE NEW YORK BANK STATEMENT.

New York, July 11.—The New York Financial News Bureau.—The statement of the clearing house banks for the week ending July 11 shows a gain of \$1,500,000 in the reserve.

THE SUN'S COTTON REVIEW.

New York, July 11.—Cotton declined 6 to 11 points, closing easy, with sales of 107,000 bales.

BIORDAN & Co's Cotton Letter.

New York, July 11.—(Special).—Cotton closes today at the lowest prices yet touched during the present season.

THE DRY GOODS MARKET.

New York, July 11.—There has been a change in prices during the week in many of the dry goods.

THE SUN'S COTTON REVIEW.

New York, July 11.—Cotton declined 6 to 11 points, closing easy, with sales of 107,000 bales.

THE CONSTITUTION: ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY, JULY 12, 1896.

That kind of feeling was very noticeable in the market today, and may become more pronounced next week.

PROVISIONS, GRAIN, ETC.

Flour, Grain and Meal. Flour, No. 1, 100 lb. 100 lb. 100 lb. 100 lb. 100 lb.

THE ARAGON OPERA COMPANY IT IS

"Fra Diavolo" Tomorrow—Gertie and Boniface in the Popular "Trilby".

THE INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMISSION

Will Ask Embarrassing Questions. Great consternation has been caused among the traffic officials of the principal western roads by receiving summonses to appear before the Interstate Commerce Commission.

THE ST. LOUIS LINES HAVE MADE A RADICAL CUT IN RATES

In order to meet the competition of Chicago lines, and interesting developments are being met with in the St. Louis market.

THE SOUTHWESTERN LINES HAVE AGREED ON RATES

for hauling the Texas cotton crop, and their conclusions will be submitted to the Southwest Traffic Association for approval.

THE COMMISSIONERS OF THE VARIOUS PASSENGER LINES

have agreed on special certificates for the coming season, and the various lines are now preparing to meet the demand.

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THE SEASON IS NEARING THE CLOSE

This is the last week of George Bonifacio's stay.

TESTIMONIAL TO THE COMEDIAN

The Company To Be Made a Permanent Organization.

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ESTABLISHED 1870 LENS GRINDING OPTICISTS PERSONS A SPECIALTY

12 Whitehall St. ATLANTA, GA.

A NORTH GEORGIA BEAR STORY.

"Did I ever kill a bear?" said Uncle Dave Burton, in reply to a question. "Yes, I have killed dozens of them. In fact, I have crossed the path without being killed, unless you count that Dade county bear against me."

"It's a long time," said Uncle Dave, "but I was fishing and camping out on a little stream in North Georgia, and Uncle Dave, one of the oldest pioneers in that region, was our guide."

"The old man's stories of his early days among the Indians and wild beasts were always so vivid and so true, and the boys were all anxious to hear about the Dade county bear."

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o fears a Robespierre. My friends, in this

Why? Because upon the paramount issue of this campaign there is not a spot of ground upon which the enemy will dare to challenge battle. Why, if they tell us that a gold standard is a good thing, we point their platform and tell them that their platform pledges the party to get rid of gold standard and substitute bimetalism. If they tell us that a gold standard is a bad thing, we try to get rid of it. (Laughter and continued applause.) If the gold standard—and I might call your attention to the fact that some of the very people who are in this convention today and who tell us that we ought to declare in favor of international bimetalism and thereby declare that the gold standard is wrong, and

send 12 two-cent stamps for a three month trial subscription with your list of words, and every person sending 25¢ will receive a 10¢ Keen word book. We guarantee an extra present by return mail (in addition to the magazine) of a 100-page book, "Beside the Bonnie Broom" by Mrs. M. J. Keen, one of the most fascinating books of the age. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case or your money refunded. Lists should be sent to the publisher, not to the magazine. The names of successful contestants will be published in the September issue. Our publication has been established nine years and is one of the most mercantile agencies for our standing. Write to J. H. Plummer, publisher, 95 Temple Court, New York City.

made in places where it is more
venient to pay silver. If this were
gold would come down to the com-
modity value of silver, and thus the parity
must be maintained. But to discriminate
against silver in forbidding its coinage,
allowing creditors to demand gold in
ment of all obligations, where in law
they would pay silver, is to force the
debtor, who is bad faith in the trans-
action, to pay twice and three
times more than their contracts. If farm-
ers contract to pay in the fall their debts
in 200 bushels of corn or 200 bushels of
wheat, and the schemers in the east and
west holding millions of such con-

H. H. Protor, pastor of the First re-
gational church, has returned to
ity, after taking his vacation. He and
family have been much benefitted by
vacation. He will fill his pulpit to-
I know his congregation and friends
be glad to see and hear him again.

T. H. Slater was called to Salisbury,
this week to attend the funeral of
mother. His many friends will regret
turn of his loss.

Baptist Sunday School Union held
last union meeting in the Moody tabe-
The exercises were good. The pa-
speaches and music were good. These
meetings are always beneficial, both

A. E. Wilson, Jr., pastor of the Church of the Holy Spirit, has been elected to the directorship of the new branch church at Saratoga Springs and is now engaged pushing his work. Rev. W. C. Kalamason, Michigan, is the pastor of the new church at Saratoga Springs and is now engaged pushing his work. Rev. W. C. Kalamason, Michigan, is the pastor of the new church at Saratoga Springs and is now engaged pushing his work.



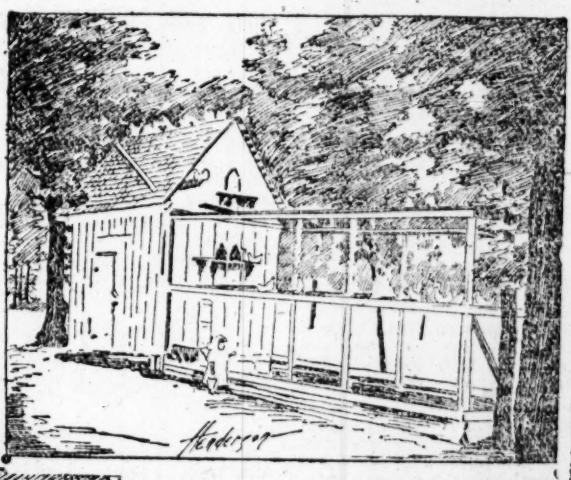
held in that city the latter part of July. Mrs. Fales in private life is very popular and her home circle in Brooklyn, where she has a city residence, and her country seat, at Bensonhurst, are among the literary centers of the American metropolis.

It was in her parlors that Henry George made his first speech when he came from California when he started his single tax campaign. Among her literary proteges were the Princess Russell, the Countess Villeneuve, the late Anna Sheldon Combs, the late Mary Cooke, Dr. Mary Syme, Dr. Emma C. Fales and Charles Telsner. She has long been prominent with literary and political organizations and was president of the Brooklyn Women's Club; vice president of the Brooklyn Philosophical Society; president of the Brooklyn Ethical Club; secretary of the Williamsburg Philosophical Society, and the Woman's Press League, and president of the new era movement.

Of the beautiful and interesting homes that surround Atlanta, none are more so than Argyle, the summer home of Mr. and Mrs. Orme Campbell. In the shadow of the famous Kennesaw mountain and in a picturesque nest where so many battles have been fought, the situation and name

Robins and is a member of the North Georgia conference. Miss Thomas is an accomplished and beautiful young lady.

The picture adorning the woman's pages this morning is that of Miss Elise Robertson, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Robertson, of New York city, and at present the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Thompson, at Brookwood. She is possessed of an unusual and most attractive type of beauty, with a complexion too fair and exquisitely tinted to make her a brunette, though her hair is dark and wavy and her soft expressive eyes are brown. She is tall and willowy, and in her graceful airy gowns and picturesque hats, there is something quaint about her loveliness that suggests the portraits of the beauties of "ye days of long ago." Although educated and living in New York, Miss Robertson has the quiet, gentle mannerisms of the ideal southern girl, and inherits the charms and accomplishments of her mother's family, the Pollards, who were among the most aristocratic of Alabama's old families. With her many attractions, Miss Robertson possesses a charming voice that in its exquisite cultivation has afforded her Atlanta friends



Argyle, the Beautiful Country Home of Mr. and Mrs. Orme Campbell

of Argyle seem singularly appropriate since that name has been associated with the "Clan Campbell" for many years, the Ormes and Campbells tracing their descent from the dukes of Argyll, through the McAlisters and Ormes. There is everything about the happy little home of Mr. and Mrs. Campbell to make it an ideal summer retreat. The house proper is luxurious in its ease and comfort; the gardens are radiant in the freshness and varied hues of the season. The house is filled with the best that fresh water affords, and is often the scene of the most delightful parties.

In the clover fields, and near enough to hear at eve the tinkling of the bells, are the most registered Jerseys. An efficient English dairyman presides over the delicious butter and cream that is the pride of the household. The fair hostess, Mrs. Campbell, is a woman of great beauty, fine presence and bearing, a polished writer, able debater and unusually gifted in oratory.

Although no women are allowed to hold office in the popular ranks in New York state, no condescending in her influence that her organization made an exception in her case, and unanimously elected her a delegate to the national convention in St. Louis. She was elected a delegate to the co-operative congress, which is

the doctrine of co-operation and has studied the system both upon the Holioke plan in England, the Godin system in France and the state socialistic system in Germany. She founded the American Sociological Society in 1874 and toiled to develop it until it had no less than sixty-five branches. A younger woman, venturing to express herself at length on the subject, and to abuse me for my erroneous stand in politics, concluded by giving as her principal reason the very good one that her sweetheart was for sound money, and spoke in such a beautifully convincing way on the subject.

It did me good to laugh at both of them, and expose the fact that they were governed entirely by their sentiments in the matter, while I based my firm opinions and knowledge, not on the sentiment of any one man, but on the sound principles spoken and written from Chicago?

What man was I for? Why, the man nominated, of course—the man from Nebraska. Then was a time when I favored David Bennett Hill for president, but now that he has expressed the wrong views on the money question, I have changed my mind and anyway do not believe in putting a premium on bachelors by exalting them to high positions. A younger woman, venturing to express herself at length on the subject, and to abuse me for my erroneous stand in politics, concluded by giving as her principal reason the very good one that her sweetheart was for sound money, and spoke in such a beautifully convincing way on the subject.

But I am absolutely positive of one thing, and that is my steadfast loyalty to the silver platform.

One of my best friends is very much provoked with me in regard to my stubborn resistance to her gold principles, but when I expressed my readiness to listen attentively to the reason why she believed in gold, her only reply was that her husband was for sound money. A younger woman, venturing to express herself at length on the subject, and to abuse me for my erroneous stand in politics, concluded by giving as her principal reason the very good one that her sweetheart was for sound money, and spoke in such a beautifully convincing way on the subject.

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and admires the greatest pleasure during his visit here.

The Piedmont Dining Club presented its usual brilliant last night and was the scene of a number of delightful dinner parties. About seventy-five guests were entertained and the menu in its delicious selection and finish was pronounced excellent by all fortunate enough to partake of it. After dinner an informal dance was enjoyed in the ballroom of the New York building and the occasion throughout was a happy one.

Among the larger parties entertained last night was that of Mr. and Mrs. St. John Ravenel in honor of Miss Elise Robertson. The guests invited to meet her were Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, Miss Joan Clark, Mr. Clarence Angier, Mr. McCune, and Mr. Peter Grant.

Captain and Mrs. Robert J. Lowry entertained a party of twelve at dinner after a most delightful coaching party in honor of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. English, Jr. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Knowles, Mr. and Mrs. William Imman, Mrs. Walter Taylor, Miss Dooby, Miss English, Mr. Payne and others.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Harris entertained a congenial party of eight, and in the smaller parties were Mr. and Mrs. Eugene C. Spalding, Mr. and Mrs. Peel, Judge and Mrs. Baily Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Bartow Thompson, Miss Mamie Moore, Mr. Taylor, Mr. Ball, Mr. Ryan and many others.

The many friends of Miss Nellie Wright will be delighted to hear that she was resting better last night.

Mr. Albert Thornton is in LaGrange visiting his mother, who is in very feeble health.

A very delightful card party was given by Miss Jimmie Byrd last Friday evening at her residence on Capitol avenue in honor of her guest, Miss Florence Sanborn, of Newport. At the conclusion of the game the assembled guests indulged in



MRS. CHARLES O.B. COWARDIN.

Mrs. Cowardin is a Brilliant Society Leader of Richmond, the Wife of the Editor and Proprietor of Virginia's Leading Daily, and is One of the Most Brilliant and Most Beautiful Women of the Old Dominion. During the Recent Visit of the Confederate Veterans She Won Many Admirers, Especially Among the Georgians, and They Came Back Home Singing Her Praises.

music and dancing, after which refreshments were served and the prizes delivered. Altogether it was one of the most enjoyable informal affairs of the season and all were charmed with Miss Byrd's accomplished guest.

Mr. Alfred Austell is the guest of his sister, Mrs. Albert Thornton, during his summer vacation.

Mrs. Rankin left last night for Tate Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Austell have been entertaining a delightful house party at the summer home.

Among the guests at a delightful home party being given by Mrs. Sam Jones, at her beautiful home in Cartersville, are Misses Amelia Roach, of Atlanta; Miss Mary Bridge, Miss Lucile Milan, Miss Eva Simpson, of Rome, and Miss Ayette, of Texas.

One of the most delightful social events of the week was the musicale given on Wednesday evening by Miss Clio Prather, introducing Mr. John C. Bickarck, the violinist. Mr. Bickarck has very recently



MRS. IMOGENE FALES.

came to Atlanta. He is a graduate of the Hamburg university. His education, musically, has been entirely in Germany, where he studied for nine years.

On Wednesday evening he played Raff's "Caratuna," Mendelssohn's "Concerto" and the "Legende," by Wieniausk. His execution was faultless, being not only perfect technically, but also rich in beautiful expression.

Mr. Bickarck was accompanied by Mr. A. A. Weisenfeld in a most graceful and thoroughly artistic manner.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Thomas left yesterday for an extended trip to the mountains and summer resorts of Alabama, and to relatives and friends in Beaton, Ala.

Miss Alonetta White, of Washington, D. C., arrived in the city Friday morning, and is visiting her aunt, Mrs. James Emmett Smith, 326 Spring street.

Misses Mamie, Viola and Lillian Ganche, of New Orleans, were in the city during the week.

Mr. Bayard Willingham has returned from New York.

Miss Edith Lazarus, who has been confined at home with fever for the past four weeks, is up again, and will in a few days leave for Asbury park, on the Jersey coast.

Miss Jennie May Burke and her little sister, Ethel, are at the seashore on Sullivan's island and Charleston.

After an extended visit to relatives in South Georgia, the Misses Stanley have returned to the city.

Miss Mamie Stanley is visiting her uncle, Dr. F. W. Douglas, near Madison.

Mr. Edward Lovejoy left this morning for Washington and Chicago, where he will spend the next two weeks with friends. From Chicago he will return to his new home in Utah.

Mrs. M. C. Kiser, with her son, John F. Kiser, and her niece, Miss Elizabeth Kiser, are spending the summer at Rockbridge, Texas.

Miss Maude Francis, after a delightful visit to friends in Macon, has returned home.

Miss Annie Belle Bothwell, one of Milledgeville's most charming young ladies, will be the guest of Miss Maude Francis next week.

Mr. R. A. Johnson, wife and sons will spend the month of August at Rockbridge Alum Springs, Va.

Mr. Ligon Johnson, of the firm of Kellar & Johnson, San Antonio, Tex., is on a visit to his parents at Sweetwater Park hotel, Lithia Springs.

Miss Lulu Belle Hemphill has returned from a delightful visit to Old Point Comfort.

Governor Ligon and wife leave for Saratoga Springs the coming week.

Mrs. Walter Taylor is with Captain and Mrs. Lowry at the Kimball.

BOWMAN BROS.

78 Whitehall Street.

Great Midsummer Sale of everything in Infants' Goods. We are Leaders in this Line and carry the only Complete Stock in the City. Three Important Offerings in Complete Infants' Sets or Outfits will be a special feature of this sale.

FIRST--Our "Popular" Set, Special, Complete, \$9.94.

- 2 Night Slips made of long cloth, finished with emb., 48c.....\$.96
- 2 Slips trimmed in emb. for morning wear, 50c.....1.00
- 1 Day Slip, yoke of emb., neck and sleeves finished with emb......65
- 1 Mull Slip, yoke of emb., finished with edging, full sleeves......80
- 2 Plain Skirts, with tucks, 48c each......96
- 2 Plain Flannel Skirts, 74c each.....1.48
- 1 Nice emb. flannel Skirt.....1.25
- 1 Emb. Sacque......74
- 2 Gauze Shirts, 20c, 58c; 2 bands, 10c, 38c; 2 pr. booties, 24c, 48c.....1.44
- 1 Set Diapers, 8 in set......57

Total, Complete.....\$9.94

SECOND--Our "Ideal" Set, Special, Complete, \$14.83.

- 3 Night Slips, made of long cloth, finished with emb., 48c each.....\$1.44
- 2 Day Slips, yoke of emb., neck and sleeves finished with emb., 65c each.....1.30
- 1 Slip of Mull, yoke of emb. and finished with emb......98
- 1 Fine Slip with tucks, full sleeves, ruffle of emb. over shoulders.....1.65
- 2 Plain Skirts with tucks, 48c each......96
- 1 Nice Skirt with tucks and embroidery......75
- 1 Fine Skirt with tucks in clusters and embroidered ruffle......98
- 2 Plain Flannel Skirts, 74c each.....1.48
- 1 Nice Embroidered Flannel Skirt.....1.25
- 1 Hand Embroidered Flannel Wrapper......75
- 2 Gauze Shirts, 20c-58c; 2 bands, 10c-38c; 2 pr. booties, 24c-48c.....1.44
- 1 Set of Diapers, twelve in set......85

Total, Complete.....\$14.83

THIRD--Our "Peerless" Set, Special, Complete, \$26.

- 3 Night Slips, made of long cloth, finished with emb., 48c each.....\$1.44
- 1 Day Slip, yoke of tucks, finished with emb......74
- 1 Day Slip of mull, yoke of emb., neck and sleeves fin. with emb......80
- 2 Day Slips of mull, yoke of emb., large emb. ruffle over shoulders, 98c.....1.96
- 1 Fine Slip with tucks, yoke of tucks and emb. full sleeves.....1.65
- 1 Slip of fine nainsook, yoke of emb. and insertion, same finished with emb., skirt tucked in clusters, extra value.....1.98
- 2 Plain Skirts, tucked in clusters, at 65c each.....1.30
- 1 Nice Skirt, tucked in clusters, finished with emb. ruffles......89
- 1 Fine Skirt with emb. insertion between clusters of tucks, finished with emb. ruffles.....1.48
- 2 Flannel Pining Blankets, 60c each.....1.96
- 1 Nice emb. flannel Skirt.....1.25
- 1 Handsome hand-emb. flanne Skirt.....1.98
- 1 Elegant flannel Wrapper, hand-emb. in colors.....2.88
- 3 Gauze Shirts, 20c-87c; 3 Bands, 10c-57c; 3 prs. Booties, 24c-72c.....2.16
- 1 Square, hemstitched and emb. in silk.....1.74
- 2 Sets Diapers, 12 in set, 85c each.....1.70

52 pieces--Total, complete.....\$26.00

Every article in these sets strictly up to date in style, clean and fresh and sold separately if desired at prices quoted. Out-of-town orders will receive prompt and careful attention.

IN HEADGEAR. We display a large assortment of Infants' Caps and Children's Bonnets in all the newest styles at attractive prices.

IN FOOTWEAR. Dainty Moccasins and soft-sole Shoes in blue, white and tan, with little hose to match in silk and cotton, all sizes, low prices.

Don't overlook our final closing out sale of Ladies' Underwear at manufacturers' cost. Wonderful values in every garment, and they must all go to make more room for our rapidly increasing business in Infants' Wear.

Our Millinery Department needs no further advertising in these columns. We've done the business. Our quick success is due to the fact that in less than two seasons the best people of Atlanta and vicinity have found that the right place to go for stylish Millinery at moderate cost is

BOWMAN BROS., 78 Whitehall St. 91-93 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

The Wesleyan Female college, of Macon, at the Oxford district conference at Decatur this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar S. Powell left Wednesday for a two weeks' stay in New Orleans, en route for their future home, Texas.

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Governor Ligon and wife leave for Saratoga Springs the coming week.

Mrs. Walter Taylor is with Captain and Mrs. Lowry at the Kimball.

Mrs. J. Isaac, of Macon, and her two children are visiting her sister, Mrs. Simmons, of West Fair street.

Mr. James R. Holliday and Miss Marie Holliday leave today for an extended trip to northern resorts.

Miss Willie Spears is visiting friends in Nashville, Tenn.

Miss Florence Torker, of Eatonton, is visiting Miss Edie Walker at her home, 417 Piedmont avenue.

Miss Joannette Simmons returned home after an extended visit to Macon, visiting friends and relatives.

Miss Carrie Dottenheimer, a bright little miss of Macon, is visiting friends and relatives in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac S. Boyd will spend a month at the Oakland Heights hotel, Asheville, N. C.

Indian Springs, July 11--(Special).--This

Continued on Seventh Page.



MISS ELISE ROBERTSON.

The Charming Young Society Woman of New York, Now a Guest of Mrs. Joseph Thompson.

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Lowmerty & Co.

74-76 WHITEHALL ST.

Extraordinary Bargains in Wash Goods and Shirt Waists. Any Shirt Waist in stock for one-half price. All Wash Goods at actual cost. We are offering special inducements to the closest buyers in every department. COME AND SEE, AND WE WILL NOT DISAPPOINT YOU.

Colored Dress Goods.

We are going to reduce our stock of colored goods if low prices cut any figure.

- 50c yard—Imported Novelty Suits that were \$10 and \$15 each have been marked per yard at less than half what they cost. Think of it, these suits being sold at this sacrifice.
- 39c—For 75c figured Brillantines.
- 39c—For 39-inch Novelty Dress Goods.
- 49c—For 45-inch English Serge, was 75c.
- 25c—For 38-inch all-wool Serge, any color.

Linings.

We sell the best of Linings at the lowest prices.

- 3 1/2c—Best Skirt Cambric made.
- 10c—For Splendid Silasia.
- 7c—For Grass Cloths.
- 12 1/2c—For all-linen Canvas.
- 7c—For Barred or Plain Crinoline.
- 6 1/2c—For good Drilling.
- 8c—For best Wigan.
- 12 1/2c—For Two-faced Percaline or Silasias.
- 8c—For box with 3 cakes of Brown's Buttermilk Soap.

Table Linens.

These are Rare Bargains.

- 39c—For all-linen half bleached Table Damask, this sale.
- 68c—For \$1 yard bleached Table Damask, 2 yards wide.
- 34c—For Turkey red, oil-boiled Table Linen that was 50c yard.
- 15c—10 dozen large Huck Towels, all linen; they are worth 25c each.
- 8c—500 large Turkish Towels; they were 20c.
- 5c—25 dozen extra large Cotton Towels, sold everywhere for 10c each.
- 25c—For a knotted fringed Towel, good size, that was 39c.
- 40c—Will buy any Towel in stock that was 65c and 75c.

Silks.

We have resorted to Cut Prices to do the work.

- Our Stock Must Be Reduced.
- 79c—For \$1.25 and \$1.50 black broadcloth Silks and Satins.
- 15c—For 39c plain and figured China Silks.
- 98c—For \$1.39 27-inch black Beau de Soie Silk.
- 49c—75c black Surah and China Silks.
- 39c—50c black and colored China Silks.

Upholstery and Drapery Goods.

These are Some of Our Leaders.

- 87c—Now—Priestley's 44-inch black broadcloth Novelty, worth \$1.25.
- 59c—40-inch black figured Jacquards, full 46 inches wide, that were 79c yard.
- 39c—38-inch black figured Mohairs, in pretty patterns, usual price 50c.
- 29c—Now—40-inch black plain Brillantines that was 50c.
- 25c—Now—Black all-wool Serge, 38 inches wide, that was 35c.
- 39c—See our 46-inch all-wool English Serge we are selling for 39c.

Mattings and Rugs.

\$3.98 now for roll of 40 yards of good China Flattening that was \$5.50 a roll.

- 19c—29c yard Japanese Cotton Warp Matting.
- 18c—For 25c yard jointless Matting.
- Prices on all our Skin, Smyrna and Moquette Rugs have been cut 33 1/3%.

Black Dress Goods.

These are Some of Our Leaders.

- 87c—Now—Priestley's 44-inch black broadcloth Novelty, worth \$1.25.
- 59c—40-inch black figured Jacquards, full 46 inches wide, that were 79c yard.
- 39c—38-inch black figured Mohairs, in pretty patterns, usual price 50c.
- 29c—Now—40-inch black plain Brillantines that was 50c.
- 25c—Now—Black all-wool Serge, 38 inches wide, that was 35c.
- 39c—See our 46-inch all-wool English Serge we are selling for 39c.

Parasols.

White, Pongee Silk and Linen Effect Parasols. Note these prices.

- 69c—Parasols that were \$1.50, now 69c.
- \$1.00—\$2.50 Parasols cut to \$1.00.
- \$1.50—\$3.50 Parasols are now \$1.50.

Shirt Waists.

One-Half Price.

- 39c—79c Waists, now 39c.
- 49c—\$1 Shirt Waists go for 49c.
- 74c—\$1 Shirts marked 74c.
- 98c—\$1.98 Waists will be sold for 98c.
- \$1.24—\$2.25 and \$3 Shirt Waists cut to \$1.24.

Gents' Furnishings.

5c—Odd lot 1900 Linen Collars.

- 24c—French Balbriggan Undershirts, the 45c ones.
- 12c—4-ply all-linen Cuffs, 12c per pair.
- 39c—65c and 75c French Balbriggan Drawers, best quality made.
- 25c—Choice of any of our 39c Scarfs, Bowls, Four-in-Hand and Club House Ties.
- 8 1/2c—4-ply Linen Collars.
- 75c—Best quality of Scriven's Drawers.

Wash Goods.

Prices have been knifed in this department regardless of cost.

- 33 1/2c—7 1/2c Checked Nainsook.
- 40c—White Organdie, 2 yards wide, that was 50c yard.
- 5c—12c French Dimities, pretty patterns and good colors.
- 8 1/2c—20 pieces of Crepon, in evening shades, was 12 1/2c yard.
- 15c—39c yard Dotted Swiss, all colors, have been marked to close them out to 15c.
- 8 1/2c—Organdie and Grass Linens that were 12 1/2c and 15c yard.
- 29c—Swivel Silk or Silk Gingham that were 39c yard.

Corsets.

In Corsets We Handle All the Leading Brands, and Sell Them at Popular Prices.

- 35c—We are selling a 50c Corset, made of best Corset Jeans and nicely finished.
- Our 50c Ventilated Corset is as good as any 75c Corset sold elsewhere.
- 75c—R. & G. Corset.
- \$1.00—Warren & Thompson's Corsets.
- 21c—Misses' Corsets.

Hosiery.

5c pair—Men's Seamless Half Hose

- 10c pair—Men's 10c fast black Hose.
- 15c pair—Genuine Shawknit Half Hose that were 25c.
- 8 1/2c pair—25 dozen regular made Half Hose that are worth 12 1/2c.
- 10c pair—Hermesdorf dye 15c number of Ladies' Hose for this sale.
- 35c—For 50c real Silk Lisle Hose, plain or cluster rib.
- 10c now—For Children's 15c seamless Hose.
- 10c—For Misses' 10c Tan Hose to close out.
- 24c now—Ladies' high spliced heel and silk finish Hose.
- 49c—Ladies' 98c all silk Hose.
- 15c pair—10c Ladies' double heel and toe Hose.

Handkerchiefs.

5c—For Ladies' 12 1/2c India Linen Handkerchiefs.

- 15c—Ladies' 19c embroidered Handkerchiefs.
- 24c—45c heavy embroidered Linen Handkerchiefs.
- 5c now—Men's large cambric Handkerchiefs that were 10c.
- 15c—For Gents' 20c all linen Handkerchiefs.

ON TO HALIFAX EDITORS WILL GO

The Press Gang Leaves This Week for an Extended Trip.

WHERE THEY WILL JOURNEY

Woman's Press Association To Take the Three Weeks Trip.

ARE TO LEAVE ELBERTON NEXT TUESDAY

Many Will Join the Party and the Tour Will Be a Long One—Off This Week.

The Georgia Woman's Press Club is to make a trip to Halifax.

After the session at Elberton tomorrow the Georgia Woman's Press Association and the women will get off on an extended trip. The editors will be gone for fifteen days and will have a trip more extensive than any before made by the Woman's Press Point, Providence, Newport and Boston. The trip will include the most notable resorts of the east and a jolly time the party will have.

The following itinerary has been prepared by Miss Ellen Dorch, secretary of the Georgia Woman's Press Association:

July 15th—Party will leave Atlanta in special Pullman coach for the Seaboard Air-Line at 11:40 a. m., reaching Elberton at 4 p. m., where Elberton party will board the train.

July 16th—Arrive at Portsmouth 7:30 a. m. Norfolk is reached by boat from Portsmouth, 5 cents round trip. Baggage should be checked at Merchants and Miners' steamship pier, Norfolk, and tickets bought to Boston before going to Old Point. Miners' steamship line runs from Norfolk to Boston, including steamers and meals and railroad fare from Providence to Boston. Old Point is reached by steamer from Old Point, makes a rate of 2 p. m. Arrive at Old Point 8:40 a. m. Lunch and bath, \$1.25. Leave by boat for the afternoon for Norfolk in time to catch 6 p. m. steamship to Boston.

July 17th—Providence is reached about 8 a. m., where all baggage should be checked through to Boston from depot at pier. Charles & Miners' steamship Company. Leave over Providence, Newport and Fall River steamship line at 10:30 a. m. At Newport, Warren Island, of the Ocean house, will entertain the party at lunch and drive around Newport for \$1.25, 25 cents extra for tip in the car. Leaving Newport at 1:30 p. m. a stop is made at Silver Spring, a suburb of Providence, at 6:30 o'clock, for one of the famous Rhode Island clam lakes, at Haverhill, from Silver Spring, Providence is reached by electric cars in time for the 10 p. m. "Gilt Edge" express for Boston. Reach Boston night of 10th about 11 o'clock, where we will be quartered at Copley Square hotel, \$1 per day, European plan, two to a room. Remains in Boston until noon of 11th.

Plans for seeing Boston and invitations accepted on reaching city.

July 22nd—Sail for Halifax at noon on steamship Olivette, of the Plant steamship line, sailing from Lewis wharf, \$10.25 round trip, including steamship berth and meals. Baggage should be checked at Plant steamship pier, Lewis wharf, morning of 22d, and tickets bought to Halifax, in a. m. to be ready for noon sail about 8 a. m. July 24th—Halifax is reached about 8 a. m. Headquarters will be at Queen hotel, \$1.50 per day. Sailing for Nova Scotia will be made on arrival in Halifax.

July 25th—Sail for Boston 11:30 p. m., reaching there on the 27th, p. m. Providence, where we board steamship Dorchester, at 6 p. m. same day, for Norfolk. Reaching Norfolk about 9 p. m., we board Seaboard Air-Line special Pullman coach at 12 o'clock, midnight, special day, reaching Atlanta at 5:45 p. m., July 30th.

WEEKLY PRESS ASSOCIATION.

The Annual Convention This Year at Elberton.

The meeting of the weekly editors in Elberton will bring together one of the largest gatherings of newspaper men in the history of the state press. They are looking forward to the annual convention with many pleasing expectations. The city of Elberton has made extensive preparations to entertain her guests, and the editors are expecting a delightful time socially.

As the Woman's Press Club meets with the weekly editors, a number of ladies will be present. Many editors' wives or sisters will be along, and the occasion is going to be one of genuine enjoyment.

President W. S. Coleman has prepared an excellent programme, and has invited a number of talented and eloquent speakers to favor the meeting with appropriate papers on important subjects.

Governor and Mrs. W. Y. Atkinson have been invited to be the guests of the editors at Elberton, and the governor will make a talk to the convention on Tuesday, the 15th. His presence at the meeting will add much to its general interest, and Elberton will give their distinguished visitor a warm welcome.

The main bulk of the editors will go up on the Seaboard Air-Line, leaving Atlanta at 12:45 o'clock p. m., and those who reach this city too late for that train will go up on the evening train.

The city of Elberton gives the visitors an interesting and pleasant surprise, and everybody will meet and know each other. After the two-day session, the Georgia Woman's Press Association leaves for Atlanta, where they take two Pullman sleepers for Manassas, Va., for the arrival of the Georgia editor most royally. The day there winds up at Belle Mead, where a spread will be given for the editors.

At the cave two days will be spent, and the excursion will end on return to Atlanta.

A Dream.

I dreamed of the last night, my love,
I dreamed I scarcely dare recall;
I dreamed of joy and agony, and all
That banished the spirit dove.

A dream in which old feelings leap
The boundaries built up in years,
In hearts where, hid by veils of tears,
One love abideth, true and deep.

I shut mine in so long ago,
So hushed and crushed, its sweetness fled,
It seemed it would have long been dead,
Nor rise in dream to mock me so.

Not like a moth from slumbers deep,
To flee from waking thought it came;
But like a shaft of deathless sleep,
To scorch and slay me in its beam.

The tide that rolls across the reach
Of rippling sand and ebb and flow,
Unconsciously, day after day,
Return to love the heated beach.

And tortured by this sword of pain
I draw from a mystic lake of dreams,
I would the sea's tide cooling streams
Would leave with peace my tired brain.

O, life close-shut from all the world,
My heart's one love is deeply laid—
A rose that grew in sombre shade,
As dew-drops bloom in blackness furled.

A blighted rose, but, ay, so rare
Had life an aftermath of hours
Filled up with all earth's sweetest flowers,
None could be hid so fair and dear.

The new day, sweet and fresh from God—
From far white hills of light unfurled,
It shineth down on all the world
And leads me through its gates abroad,
To reach amid my garden wreaths,
As dew-drops bloom in blackness furled.

The thought of waking pain, my eyes,
The bursting of the lily sheaths.

With all the subtle tales it tells,
Reopening those heart-dreams so wide,
That all the past hath come unsealed,
And in old beauty stands revealed,
With even the mockery of its pride.
O, dream recited by red rose leaves,
And honey-suckle wet with rain,
With all the subtle nameless pain
Which with a deathless nameless griefs.

SARGE PLUNKETT.

The Two Old Men Still in the Neighborhood of Griffin.

Reminiscences of the Country About the Georgia Encampment Grounds.

For The Constitution.

Brown and I are still at the Georgia encampment—still striving to keep out of the political wrangle.

We know a great sight about this section that is worth the mention. From the encampment we can see the town lots, the high chimneys of the factories of the pretty little city of Griffin. We well remember when the place was laid off into town lots and when the man from whom the place takes its name stood upon a big white oak stump with a plot in his hand and sold the town lots.

After the two-day session, the Georgia Woman's Press Association leaves for Atlanta, where they take two Pullman sleepers for Manassas, Va., for the arrival of the Georgia editor most royally. The day there winds up at Belle Mead, where a spread will be given for the editors.

At the cave two days will be spent, and the excursion will end on return to Atlanta.

A Dream.

I dreamed of the last night, my love,
I dreamed I scarcely dare recall;
I dreamed of joy and agony, and all
That banished the spirit dove.

A dream in which old feelings leap
The boundaries built up in years,
In hearts where, hid by veils of tears,
One love abideth, true and deep.

I shut mine in so long ago,
So hushed and crushed, its sweetness fled,
It seemed it would have long been dead,
Nor rise in dream to mock me so.

Not like a moth from slumbers deep,
To flee from waking thought it came;
But like a shaft of deathless sleep,
To scorch and slay me in its beam.

The tide that rolls across the reach
Of rippling sand and ebb and flow,
Unconsciously, day after day,
Return to love the heated beach.

And tortured by this sword of pain
I draw from a mystic lake of dreams,
I would the sea's tide cooling streams
Would leave with peace my tired brain.

O, life close-shut from all the world,
My heart's one love is deeply laid—
A rose that grew in sombre shade,
As dew-drops bloom in blackness furled.

A blighted rose, but, ay, so rare
Had life an aftermath of hours
Filled up with all earth's sweetest flowers,
None could be hid so fair and dear.

The new day, sweet and fresh from God—
From far white hills of light unfurled,
It shineth down on all the world
And leads me through its gates abroad,
To reach amid my garden wreaths,
As dew-drops bloom in blackness furled.

The thought of waking pain, my eyes,
The bursting of the lily sheaths.

to equal these sliding rocks, and what a pity that they were not preserved. But so it is, dynamite has torn them up into holes and the springs that used to furnish water and keep them slick and soft with a strange moss have passed away, and I guess it is all right, for the boys of these days would more than break break bottles on them and make sliding as we used to slide out of the question.

The Fifth Georgia regiment has taken possession of the encampment this week. Atlanta is represented by this regiment and there is the most affectionate feeling of the people of the section toward them.

The contrast between these two regiments and there is the most affectionate feeling of the people of the section toward them.

That reminds me that the first confederate soldier killed and buried in Griffin was a member of this confederate "Fifth" regiment. He was Mr. B. F. Smith, of the Griffin Light Guards, Fifth Georgia. He was killed at Pensacola, Fla., and carried home to Griffin for burial. The sorrow that this incident of the war brought upon the little city can better be imagined than told. He was a gallant, generous young soldier anyway, and then it was just at the beginning when hearts were naturally turned for these men and lacked the hardening which they afterwards received.

No such feeling and no such funeral have ever been known in Griffin. The engine that brought the corpse was draped in crepe—everything was draped in mourning—events were held for the people, and a grand procession moved under the sound of the saddest music, the young military of the day marched with their rifles and bayonets fixed to their rifles, and the most glorious to die a soldier.

There is another story in connection with this—another funeral—and will strike you as being very strange. In this little city was buried the first confederate in Georgia and also the last one after the surrender had taken place.

The contrast between these two regiments and there is the most affectionate feeling of the people of the section toward them.

Some months ago an Englishman traveling in Africa wrote to me that he had attended lectures given in Tunis by the Marquis de Mores, a French nobleman, and one of high French officials. He added that the lecturer, attacking England with the impetuosity which always characterized him, proclaimed the necessity of alliance between Islam and Christianity, between the crescent and the cross, ignoring the fact that the cross is the symbol of all Christianity, and of all soldiers, and that the Marquis had announced his intention to penetrate into the Sudan, where he had formed alliances, and to induce the African tribes to enter into a close alliance with France against English encroachments and covetousness. He had the strange idea of taking the Egyptian question, so to speak, under his heel, and of solving the problem of the Nile, not from France, but from Africa.

My correspondent thought that I ought to give publicity to such violent and aggressive language uttered before French officials against a friendly nation. I did not do so, for I knew the Marquis to be an erratic man of vague ideas, somewhat deluded by an unbridled imagination, thirsting for action and notoriety, but at heart, in spite of this unbecoming excitement, a feeble, generous and patriotic to the degree of hating whatever he thought to be in his country's way—a medieval brain fettered by modern restrictions like a madman by a tight waistcoat.

Whatever was out of the common pleased him. He was a Boulangist because this signified conspiring and overturning; he was an anti-Semite, because this harmonized with his medieval ideas; he was mixed up in the grotesque Norton affair, because the scoundrels by whom he, in common with M. Deburle, who is a man somewhat of the same type, had been plotting, had made him believe that it was combating England. He had not the slightest inkling of the miserable origin and contemptible nature of the Norton affair. In fact, he was always the duped and paid the piper. He applied for money to his wife, an American heiress, and to his father, the Duc de Vallombrosa, who eventually placed him under tutelage. He was always requiring funds, which disappeared in the hands of sharpers.

Nobody would be better entitled than I to judge him harshly. He pictured me in his delirious moments in fantastic and mythical guise. He imagined me ubiquitous, managing men and things quite unknown to me. But he was perfectly honest, listening to the vampires who deluded him.

Through Mr. English Abraham also heard

A Son Meets His Mother from Whom He Had Been Separated.

Sylvania, Ga., July 11.—(Special.)—A very interesting and pathetic incident occurred a few days ago in the life of Abraham Hamilton, a negro, who lives near Sylvania, when he discovered the mother from whom he had been separated for forty-two years, and who he had long since come to regard as dead.

Abraham's mother belonged to a Mr. Brown, a native of the county, and seven years before the beginning of the civil war, she was sold to some non-resident of the county and carried away from Screven. As years passed, the mother, her name, her boy was left behind and from that time until a few days ago—through a period of forty-two years—she had no news of her father or even heard that she was living.

At the age of 18, Mr. J. English married a Miss Freeman of this county, and went down to Bryan county to live. An old negro woman, who was always known as "Aunt Sarah," was the mother of the boy, and she had heard Miss English was from Screven, began making inquiries about the people and one could regulate their speed by just tipping with their fingers these holes as they went down, but the most of people preferred to turn loose and go a-scooting like a bullet to the bottom. You may hear about "shooting the chute" in these days, but there will never be any thing

about his mother, and a few days ago he went down to Bryan and brought her back to Screven, and she is now with him at home.

It was a touching and affecting meeting between mother and son, who had not seen each other for nearly half a century.

HOW DE MORES DIED.

His Last Hours in Keeping with His Eccentric Career.

From the Paris Correspondent of The London Times.

Particulars of the assassination of the Marquis de Mores have been telegraphed from Tunis, says a Paris writer. It appears that, warned by the French authorities in Tunis of the impossibility of passing through the Tunisian Sahara, he gave a written promise to go to Gabes, Neftawa, Berrouia, Birlan and El Boud, the most southerly French military post in Algeria. He had eighteen European attendants, forty-five camels and 40,000 francs' worth of merchandise. At Neftawa he turned off to the east, being apprehensive that a French officer had been sent to stop him, and went close to the Tripoli frontier. At El Quaita he met Tuaregs who persuaded him to send back his escort and camels and take a short cut for these men and he retained three Arabs and five negroes.

At 8 p. m., on the 8th instant, after waiting five days for the camels which he had paid for in advance, he resumed his march. The interpreter marched first, then Marquis de Mores, and next an Arab and two negroes, all mounted on camels, while the convey was 300 yards behind. After two miles' march the Tuaregs escort fell on M. de Mores. He shot one and the two others fled, but two Tuaregs came up, one falling on the convey and the other on M. de Mores. The latter and his followers made a desperate defense, but were at last massacred. The convey was captured and four men in charge of it were carried off as prisoners, but the Tuaregs escaped.

The 10th instant reached the scene of the conflict, where they found the bodies of M. de Mores, two Arabs and two negroes, all stripped of their possessions. Some months ago an Englishman traveling in Africa wrote to me that he had attended lectures given in Tunis by the Marquis de Mores, a French nobleman, and one of high French officials. He added that the lecturer, attacking England with the impetuosity which always characterized him, proclaimed the necessity of alliance between Islam and Christianity, between the crescent and the cross, ignoring the fact that the cross is the symbol of all Christianity, and of all soldiers, and that the Marquis had announced his intention to penetrate into the Sudan, where he had formed alliances, and to induce the African tribes to enter into a close alliance with France against English encroachments and covetousness. He had the strange idea of taking the Egyptian question, so to speak, under his heel, and of solving the problem of the Nile, not from France, but from Africa.

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HOW DE MORES DIED.

with transparent fables, and one could not feel resentment against a man living under a constant nightmare. In the end, unable to give the middle ages on European soil, he passed half the year in Africa, where Islam gave him the illusion of past ages. There he conceived the idea of stirring up the South. He had sent money to the Tuaregs,

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

D. Morrison, 47 E. Hunter st.

1-Rch. E. nearly new on Gordon street
1-Rch. off West End, front lot,
also two lots 60x154 each. This elegant
place is well situated, and the lot is
and is well worth that amount, but
owner finds that a change in his business
will call for a move away from Atlanta. He
therefore, determined to sacrifice his ma-
jor home place; terms very easy,
\$500 per month, with buy at \$15,000
first. Price only \$4,500.

E. H. East, front, fine lot, 46x23 1/2
price, the city, near the electric
car, head of the city, near the
will exchange for a good farm near
Atlanta, price, away down to \$100.

HERB HENNER 308 E. 10th St.
8-room brick house on beautiful
shady lot having two fronts of 71
feet, and a large front porch. The
place has been on a loan of \$5,000 on
which has not been paid. If the reader
is interested, call on Mr. Henner
for the balance, and buy at one-third
value, viz. \$500.

R. R. H. on **CLAY** at 1 and a 1/2 Per Cent.
R. R. H. on **CLAY** street, near Wood-
ward avenue, lot 6x150.10. Will sell on
mortgage of \$800; pay \$150 cash and balance
in 12 months. Will sell on 10% cash and bal-
ance at \$2,000, but I will sell on above terms
at \$1,500.

W. W. VACANT LOTS on McDaniel street
between 10th and 11th, lots 100x150. Will
be sold at once.

R. R. H., with a fine large garden of
choice fruit, a fine house and a fine
courthouse, in the pretty and enterprising
county of Jacksonville, Ala., which has
been the scene of a successful business for
50 years. I will exchange this beautiful
home for a Florida city property, or I will
sell it for cash or on mortgage at \$2,000.
Very easy terms. Write for particulars.

NORTH SIDE S-r. h., corner lot, front
49 feet on Alexander street, from
Howard street to the house corner, with
a fine lot, 100x150.10. Will sell on 10%
and sewer connections. This is just
the place for a W. & A. R. R. man.
Write for particulars. The Southern
Real Estate Co., Jacksonville, Fla. is just
R. R. H. at the low price of \$1,500.

R. R. H. on high lot 6x150.10 on S. P.
between 10th and 11th, lots 100x150.10.
Small cash payment, balance monthly,
week for \$1,600.

W. W. VACANT CORNER on McDaniel street
between 10th and 11th, lots 100x150.10.
Will be sold at once.

Fairburn, for \$15 per acre, north 123.
150 CHOICE, shady lots in Englewood
Tugwell, at public auction by Mrs.
my office and get a plot of this property
of Decatur. I will take out prospect
buyers free of cost any pleasant affairs
about to be sold. Opportunity for a
one-fourth cash, balance easy. Call
about to be sold. Opportunity for a
rison, real estate and loan agent, 67
Hunter street.

GEORGE WARE 22 SOUTH BROAD
George Ware, 22 South Broad Street
37½—Nice 3-r. cottage, painted, polished
plastered, front veranda, good location
\$500—Nice lot, north side, good location
\$300—Nice lot vacant lot, good location
easy terms.
\$500—Nice lot, north side, good location
easy terms; cheap.
\$100—Nice lot, north side, good location
Feachtree; cash.
\$300—Choice lot, north side, Belgian
\$100—Nice lot, north side, good location
\$150—4-r. cottage, Belgian blocks, etc.;

1,750—A residence, all street improvements, hot and cold water, stationery, telephone, large bath and toilet, easy terms.
 2,250—Brand new two-story, 8-r. residence, all street improvements, hot and cold water, stationery, telephone, large bath and toilet, easy terms.
 2,500—Cozy house, 5-r. cottage, hardwood finish, sliding doors, inside blinds; mild and comfortable, all street improvements.
 3,000—Seven large, well lighted rooms, hardwood finish, sliding doors, hot water, tramway over every door, glass mirror mantle, tile and clubhouse, all street improvements, 100 ft. lot, 60x100; moderate terms.
 3,500—A gem, 8-r., two-story, corner lot, hardwood finish, sliding doors, beautiful inside finish, large bath, all street improvements, tile and grates; \$50 cash balance easy.
 4,000—An ideal suburban home, 8-r., hardwood finish, sliding doors, large hard oil finish, cabinet mantle, 100 ft. street trees and lawn; on car line.
 4,500—Burs the only perfect cottage country home, 5-r., hardwood finish, sliding doors, large hard oil finish, sliding doors, large and expensive mantle and choicest hardwood finish, sliding doors, large and expensive verandas and plenty of room for a garage, all street improvements, 100 ft. lot, 60x100; moderate terms.

shed on leading thoroughfare.
 1000 ft. of frontage, 100 ft. wide,
 covered with shade, finest of workman-
 ship, and best of material; fine arrangement
 of rooms, easy stairway, and bath;
 strictly first-class; east front, 60 ft.
 wide, 10 ft. high; 10 ft. wide, 10 ft. high;
 story new house, finished in natural
 oak, double floors and elevated, low
 and comfortable, with fine view of
 tomato gas lights; china closets, st.
 room, pantry, etc.; large bathroom,
 and a large closet; 10 ft. wide, 10 ft.
 east front, on car line, 60 ft. wide.
 GEORGE WARD

S. B. Turman, Real Estate and L.
 Agent.

NOW TAKES A nice new two-story
 house, close in, good neighborhood,
 with three bedrooms, bath, kitchen
 and churros all around, terms easy,
 take lot in part payment.
 Call on C. R. L. at lot 60x120
 to alley; corner lot, on street car
 will build house to suit and sell on a
 plan.

\$1,000 For Nice Lord street lot, north
 of 10th street.

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city improved property.

\$170.00. Call for information on street car line property limits.

Real Estate and Loans, S. B. TURMAN
"Phone 184.

Geo. J. Dallas, 19 S. Broad Street.

Vacant lot, 8x20x20, Gordon street, West
side, near 10th street, 10th street, 10th
S. r. h., Peoples street, all modern, house
new, lot 7x17; will sell, if taken at
once.

2-r. h., on a good street, on easy terms.

7-r. h., Fort street, new, just finished.

5 acres, west side, just 4 miles out.

10 acres, 4-r. h., 5 miles out, at railroad
station.

10 acres, good road, in 10 minutes'
walk from depot.

10 acres, good road, near in, to 2 acres. Call
see us.

5 acres, 4-r. h., 3 miles from center
of city.

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plan of speculation was formulated for express purpose of aiding clients in their efforts to make money from the markets, without the risk which usually attends speculative transactions, and it was intended to enable investors to invest their funds with those operators who have unlimited capital at their command. If you want to learn how to make your money earn money in Wall Street, send me \$100 and I will show you how to do it. This is the only safe plan in town for those living at a distance, and who are unable to visit New York personally. The following reference furnished here on application.

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\$20 INVESTED earned: April \$30, May \$38, June \$74; 1935 averaged \$5 weekly.
Free fee, \$140; 1250 invested \$1000
July 28

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July 28

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warehous** & Conn. Dr. West Mitchell
June 21—In sun-tues th

**CASH PAID for second-hand furniture and
carpets, gloves, household and ornate
goods. J. W. Ives, 35 South Broad Street
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pets, stoves, household and ornate
goods for cash. Ives, 35 South Broad St
mar23-31 sun**

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telephone 1988. H. D. Harris, 3 New
Boulevard.**

Colored Silk Gloves, 50c Pair.

Kayser patent finger tips; the kind where the fingers wear as long as the glove. The 75c grade in tans, modes, browns and grays.

Black Silk Gloves, 25c Pair.

All silk and guaranteed fast black, closely woven and good quality.

Hand Embroidered Handkerchiefs, 10c Each.

All linen, good linen, hemstitched and embroidered by hand in several tasty designs; unlaundered and just as they come from the hands of European peasants who work them. Actually worth double this price.

Sheer Linen Handkerchiefs, 15c Each.

Dainty, fine, all pure linen. Finished soft and ready for use. Ladies' size, hemstitched in 3-width hems, 1/2, 3/4 and 1-inch hems. Same as sold the world over at 25c each.

\$1.25 Ladies and Men's Umbrellas, 98c Each.

Made of imported English gloria, 26 inch size, with Dresden, mourning or hard wood handles. Big crook or straight hard wood handles in the men's styles. Special closing sale of a lot of odd kinds.

Soda Water, Ice Cream and Phosphates, 5c.

You pay 5c at our fountain for Soda and Ice, made from pure fruit syrups and fresh fruits.

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A Great 25c Line of Books.

200 titles, including standard books, popular books, just such books as should be included in every library; bound in best English cloth, gilt tops, and printed on good paper. If out of town, write for list of titles.

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Complete 5-volume sets of Macaulay, Victor Hugo, Cervantes, Conan Doyle, Cooper, etc., well bound in cloth, gold titles.

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You usually pay 15c quire for same grade. Smooth, plate finish, ruled or plain. Pound contains about four to four and one-half quires.

Square Envelopes, 5c package

To match our Dixie Cream Paper, at 15c pound. Same grade never sold less than 10c by stationers.

Box of Linen Paper, 10c.

Containing quire of Linen Writing Paper and Envelopes to match. 25c worth in every box.

35c Exposition Paper, 15c Box.

With or without the pictures on; made to sell at 50c; our price was 35c box. Box has quire of finest wedding stock paper, and envelopes to match.

D. T. & D. Watermark Paper, 25c Pound.

Made by the ton to our order. D. T. & D. trademark in every sheet. Smooth or rough finish, best linen paper, and ruled or plain; size to suit. Better paper is not sold at 25c quire.

Watermark Envelopes, 25c Box.

Put up to match our watermark linen paper, handsomely embossed boxes, same as the paper. 100 in a box.

Laundry Soap, 10 Bars for 25c.

Big full size Laundry Soap made in hundred box lots specially to our order. Everybody comes back for it.

Half Pound Package Ceylon Tea, 23c.

Imported and packed specially for D. T. & D. selling. Twice as much is usually charged for this grade.

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Webster's original edition, unabridged. Think of such a book for this price.

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A book of more than 4,000 pages, well and strongly bound, for this small sum.

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Complete set in six volumes, handsomely bound in English cloth and boxed.

Striped Linen Batistes, 33c Yard.

Those dainty colored striped linen batistes, linen grounds. The favorite fine wash goods of the season.

French Organdies, 15c Yard.

The best grade, the 40c grade, black grounds with colored flowers. Limited line to close quick at this nominal price.

Colored Dress Ducks, 7 1/2c yard

Figured Cotton Ducks in light and medium grounds. Bought to retail at 12 1/2c yard. Never less than 10c. Now at this price to close.

18c Zephyr Ginghams, 5c yard

Every woman in Atlanta has paid 18c for this same grade; soft and smooth texture; good styles. This price is named to close our line in short order.

10c White India Linen, 6 1/2c yard

Fine sheer quality, as good as any in the land for 10c yard. Only enough for a few days' selling.

White Plaid Lawn, 5c yard

Sheer fine plaid lawns; better were never sold for 10c yard. End of season price is named now. Put this item on your memo.

34-inch Sheer India Linen 15c yard

Good merchants sell this grade and call it cheap enough at 25c yard. Ours comes direct from the makers. You pay only one profit. You will appreciate it when you see it.

Soft Check Nainsook, 12 1/2c yard

Women familiar with this material know how to appreciate it. It contains no dressing. You can see the goods as it actually is. Just the same as we have sold at 20c yard.

12 yard bolt Long Cloth, \$1.20

Costing no more per yard than a first-class bleached domestic. Best goods made for women's fine undergarments and infants' and children's wear. Soft and fine like Jones' cambric.

2-Yard-Wide Table Damask, 65c Yard.

Half bleached, guaranteed all pure linen, made specially to our order for our own trade and known to be all right. In a regular way we could not sell this grade under 85c yard.

Satin Damask, Bleached, 75c Yard.

Made for us, new patterns and strong, smooth quality. A really good and reliable Damask, selling always at \$1.00 yard.

Napkins to Match Linens, \$1.75 Dozen.

Good 5/8 size Napkins to match our great 75c linens. These are \$2.50 quality.

Double Huck Towels, 23c Each.

Extra heavy, all linen, fringed or plain hem, size 21x42. A great big towel for a small amount of money.

Hemmed Sheets, 75c Pair.

Single bed size, of good quality sheeting, hemmed ready for use.

Double Bed Sheets, \$1.00 Pair.

Made of Peppercell grade sheeting, size cut 81x90, nicely hemmed. Torn so that they will be straight when washed.

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... YOU can scarcely find a store anywhere that presents a worthier or more varied list of attractions than does this one. Claims amount to nothing, except when backed up by facts. This store is always better than it says it is.

Pillow Cases 25c Pair.

Made up and ready for use. Size for good sleeping Pillow; grade to match Sheets.

Marseilles Quilts, \$1.25.

Marseilles Quilts, full double bed size, heavy, very heavy, and the kind of quilt you can't wear out. \$1.75, they should be.

Our Famous Crochet Quilt, 98c.

Eleven-quarter size. We are sure a better quilt was never sold for \$1.25. Closely made, assorted patterns.

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In artistic color printings with gilt figures. Specially select line of patterns in Art Needle section.

New Silklines 12 1/2c yard

The best grades, ought to be 15c yard, 36 inches wide. Choice lot of new patterns.

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Now so popular for Drapery, Furniture Covering, Couch Covers, Floor Cushions, Sofa Pillows, etc.; any color combination.

Stamped Linen Center Pieces 25c.

18 inch square Stamped Center Pieces, our own exclusive designs, on round thread Art Linen of very fine quality.

Stamped Linen Doylies 5c each.

8 inches square, stamped on round thread, art linen, dainty and charming designs.

New Bulgarian Embroidery,

Specially adapted for sofa pillows and table covers. Commenced pieces to be seen in Art Section, with all accessories.

Large Spools Knitting Silk, 5c.

All colors, remarkably good quality Silk, and it costs no more than a spool of cotton.

Wide Persian Ribbon, 35c Yard.

All sorts and colors, widths up to 5 inches. Been priced in stock up to 85c yard.

\$6.90 Pattern Suits and

The skirt we will make free. This lot includes Suits worth \$12.50, \$15.00 and \$20.00. Choicest things brought to this country. You buy the pattern, we make the skirt free and you have the goods to make the waist.

Black Figured Solie, 65c yard.

The most popular material in the Mohair family—just the fabric for Skirt or full costume, 46 inches wide; extraordinary value.

Dress Skirts to Order \$4.50.

On a special Dress Goods Sales Table we show an assortment of some 100 pieces desirable Dress goods materials in Scotch mixed effects, Homespuns, small checks, Bourrette suitings, Granite Cloths, etc., all adapted to the purpose. From any among them we will make a stylish skirt to order on our set of findings No. 1—Total cost to you including work and all materials is included in figures mentioned.

Skirts to Order, \$5.25 Each.

From any of our dollar-a-yard materials, except black and solid shades. In this dollar line we have included a lot of materials that have been selling all season at \$1.50 and \$2. We furnish our set of findings, No. 1, make up any of these materials into a stylish skirt and the total cost is only \$5.25.

Art Squares, 3x3 Yards, \$3.50.

Reversible, fringed, good heavy quality and attractive patterns.

DOUGLAS, THOMAS & DAVISON

61 WHITEHALL ST.
42 TO 50 S. BROAD ST.

MAIL ORDERS GET PROMPT ATTENTION.

Ladies' Oxfords, \$1.25 Pair.

The \$2.00 sort of Oxfords, and 3-button low Shoes, common sense and pointed toes. On special counter Shoe section.

Ladies Hand-Sewed Oxfords, \$2.00.

Just the kind you see everywhere at \$3.00 pair. Choice of everything we have in stock, including all the new lasts and new toes.

Men's Hand-Sewed Shoes, \$1.75 Pair.

\$3.00 of solid worth in every pair. Lace or congress. Widths and toes to suit.

Men's \$5 Shoes At \$3 pair.

Calf, Vici Kid and Kangaroo, Lace and Congress, and in black and tan, all the new toes included.

Boys' Shoes \$1.25 Pair.

Boys' Calf Lace Shoes, Pointed cap toe, well worth \$1.75 pair.

Gold Band Plates 10c Each.

Tea Plates of fine white China, with gold bands, worth double this price.

English Porcelain Dinner Sets \$14.

Fine English Porcelain Dinner Sets, attractive new shapes, decorated in gold lines and tracings and delicate green, 100 pieces in set.

White Porcelain Dinner Sets \$10.

K. T. & K. White Porcelain, new Albany pattern, beautiful goods, 100 pieces to set.

White Granite Dinner Sets \$7.

K. T. & K. White Granite, the standard for this country, 100 piece Dinner Set for \$7.

Cobalt Blue Dinner Sets for \$10.

Blue Tableware is much in demand. This is the correct thing. K. T. & K. make. 100 piece set for \$10.

Vienna China Dinner Sets \$13.98.

New Spring pattern, entirely new and very dainty decorations. This China equals in appearance the most expensive goods and wear better.

Vienna China Chamber Sets \$5.

Ten piece set of Leonard's Vienna China, handsomely decorated, choice shapes.

China Covered Dishes 98c Each

Worth \$1.75 in a regular way; Leonard's Vienna China, a sample line. Big lot of different shapes and decorations.

Sauce Tureens, Fine China, 62c Each

Leonard's Vienna China, beautifully decorated Sauce Tureens, assorted shapes, should be \$1.25 each.

Glass Pitchers, Quart Size, 10c Each.

Strong and well finished glass, bright and clear, and only 10c each.

Tulip Vases, 9-inch Size, 10c Each.

Fine bright polished glass, graceful shape and good imitation of cut.

No. 1 Jelly Tumblers, 30c Dozen.

Big shipment arrived the present week. No. 1 stamped on bottom. 30c dozen.

Silk Petticoats to Order, \$3.50.

We show a table full of Bargain Silks, Taffetas, Plaids, Stripes, Brocades, etc. From any of these we will make up a Petticoat with full ruffle without further cost.

Making Dress Skirts Free

Has been the most important happening in dry goods circles this season. The work does not cost you a cent. You select whatever you like (blacks and solid colors excepted) from a big offering of colored dress stuffs. Select linings of whatever grade you wish and we do the work without further cost to you. This offer will continue for a short time only.

50c Waists 25c Each.

There has never been in Atlanta a better 50c Waist than is shown here. A few days since we selected 25 dozen of these 50c Waists and have placed them on sale at this nominal price. They are made of percale and chambray. Come in sizes 32 to 42. Made with full big sleeves, yoke backs and full fronts.

75c Waists at 50c Each.

Ladies' lawn and percale Waists in figures of almost any color, with solid bands, cuffs and collars to match shade in figure. There has never been a better selling 75c Waist. Tan, pink, blue, etc. All sizes.

\$1.00 Waists at 75c.

Some styles with detachable collars. A big assortment, all made right. Made of desirable materials and perfect fitting.

\$1.50 Waists at \$1.00 Each.

Some even that were priced \$1.75 each. Choice styles. In a great many instances only a few of a kind are left. They are piled together in one lot at this price.

Some Fine Waists at Half.

We have some small lots, one, two and three of a kind, fine Shirt Waists. They are being sold at half price. Look them over if interested.

Mourning Wrappers, 69c Each.

Ladies' black ground Wrappers with white figures, wattleau back and belt.

Special Line Wrappers, \$1.00 Each.

Striped percales with double braided yoke, braided cuffs and belt, sizes 32 to 44, and a complete line of shades.

Indigo Wrappers at 83c Each.

Braided yoke and cuffs, wattleau back. Skirts cut full width. A full value at \$1.25 each.

Lace and Braided Wrappers, \$1.50 Each.

In percales. Extremely attractive styles. Some braid trimmed, some lace trimmed. A line made up to bring \$2.00 each.

Lovely Wrappers at \$1.50 Each.

Made of percale in attractive summer colorings. Big sailor collar. Trimmed with double rows of braiding on collar, belt and sleeves. Full wattleau back and extra wide skirt.

Tailor Made Suits, \$3.90 Each.

Cheviot Suits in navy or black, double-breasted English box coat and wide full skirt. A well made, perfect fitting Suit. Skirt alone worth the price.

Broadcloth Suits, \$10.00 Each.

Navy blue, Havana brown and black English box coat Suits. Just the thing for mountain and sea side wear. Made with full stylish skirt.

Summer Suits at \$5.00.

Made of linen, made of crash, made of duck, etc. A limited line only, one of a kind; worth to \$12.50 each. All at one small price.

Summer Weight Capes

As cheap or as good as you will want them. We show them in cloth, in silk, etc. From 50c to \$25.00 each.

Mohair Skirts, \$2.50 Each.

In either plain or figures. Skirts lined throughout, velvet bound, 144 inches wide around the bottom and stylish shape.

Children's Reefers \$1 Up.

For ages from 2 to 12 years. Light summer weight styles, made up and trimmed in the most attractive manner. \$1.00 to \$7.50 each.

Smyrna Rugs, 3x6 Feet, \$2.95

Instead of \$4.00 each, their rightful price. Good heavy fringed, and specially selected patterns, guaranteed for 5 years.

6-Ft.-Wide Linoleums, 50c Square Yard.

These are considered special values, and have patterns sure to please you.

Dixie Mosquito Canopies \$2 Each.

Complete, including net and frame. These frames are a new patent and the best thing ever devised for the purpose. Same as shown at the Exposition. We have the Atlanta agency.

Hanging Mosquito Nets \$1.50 Complete.

Good size, made and put up ready for use.

Mattings at \$4 Roll.

This figures only 10c yard for a fairly good fancy Matting.

Linen Warp Mattings \$6 Roll.

Five different colorings, 40-yard rolls, thus costing only 15c yard for Linen Warp Matting.

Body Brussels Carpeting 69c Yard.

Axminster Carpeting 69c Yard.

Velvet Carpeting 69c Yard.

In short lengths, suitable for squares, rugs, etc.

All Wool Ingrain Carpeting 85c yard.

Good room patterns, full line to select from.

Scotch Holland Shades 59c Each.

Best in the world, 3x6 size, mounted, and all complete.

Dado Shades 19c Each.

Size 3x6 feet, spring rollers.

Men's Balbriggan Shirts 19c each.

Also Drawers to match in modes, brown and light blue; would be good values at 25c each.

Monarch Negligee Shirts 98c.

The Monarch, Peoples \$1.50 grade, woven label with their price in back of each shirt; best and latest patterns.

Screven's Patent Drawers 75c.

With the woven side bands; without question the best article for wear ever made.

KEELY COMPANY

Clearance Sale Summer Goods!

Will distribute desirable goods at prices, in many cases, half their usual worth. Every item of Summer Stuff has been priced.

Clearance Sale of Wash Goods!

Reduction Sale of Shirt Waists!

Closing Sale of all Our Carpets!

Riddance Sale of all Our Silks!

Come early! Come often! Bargains will confront you on every hand! The character of the goods offered is to be considered. These are not odds and ends of trash, nor the leavings of early season mistakes. No junk! No trash! But the latest and best of the Summer stocks at

CLEARANCE PRICES!

Clearance Sale Waists, Separate Skirts and Suits.

NOW FOR WAISTS AT YOUR OWN PRICE.

850 WAISTS
Of Percales, Batistes, Linens, Bishop sleeves, full fronts and rolling collars.....**39c**

625 WAISTS
Fancy figured and striped Batistes and Lawns, Bishop sleeves, rolling collars, full fronts, were \$1.00.....**65c**

220 WAISTS
Of Persian Dimity, also in Mourning effects, detachable collars, extra sleeves and full fronts, were \$1.50.....**98c**

25 SUITS
Of Checks and Stripes, in light and dark effects, were Three dollars.....**\$1.98**

32 SUITS
Of Linen Homespun and Linen Batiste, braided, lace inserted, also embroidered, were up to \$7.50.....**\$4.98**

Hosiery Specials.

250 dozen Men's and Child's Hose, black and tan, full regular, all sizes, 19c to 30c.....**10c**

Ladies' fast black, 40-gauge, full regular, spliced heel and toe, were 25c.....**19c**

Ladies' Lisle, both black and tan, Richelieu ribbed, were up to 49c.....**25c**

Gentlemen's Sox, immense line of tans, drabs and modes, were up to 50c.....**21c**

Black French 45-Inch Serges.....**25c**

Others want 40c

Black Figured MOHAIRS.....**21c**

Were 39 Cents

KAUKAI WASH SILKS.....**15c**

Were a Quarter

Cable Corded Habutai Silks.....**21c**

Were 40 Cents

56-Inch all-Linen Cream Damask.....**25c**

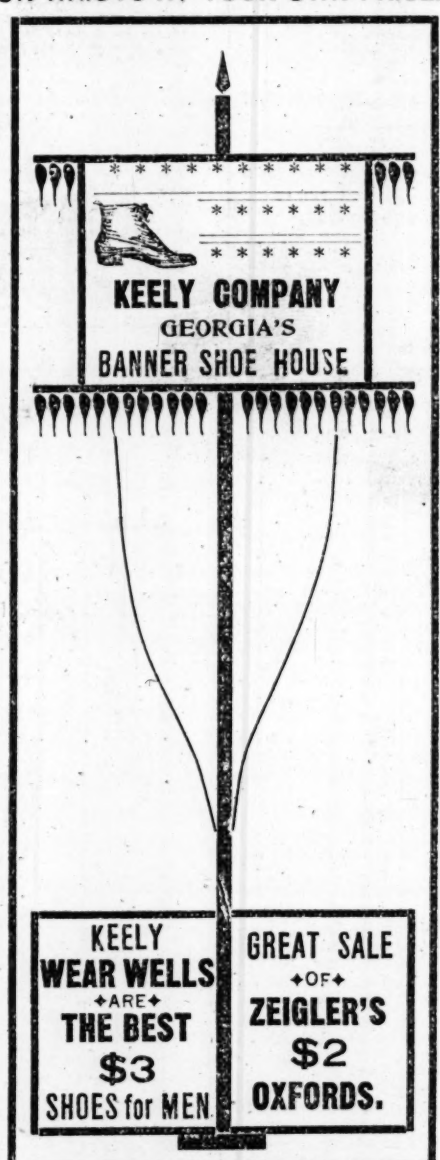
Good value 35c

60-Inch Turkey Red Fast Damask.....**22c**

40 Cents Worth

Linen Hem Huck Towels.....**45x24 21c**

Can't match 'em. Worth 20 Cents



SHEER WAISTS
Fancy, soft effects, embroidered on plain Batiste, high class goods, were \$4.00.....**\$2.49**

LINEN LAWN WAISTS
In fancy stripes, checks, Linen effects, detachable collars, extra Bishop sleeves and full fronts, were \$2.00.....**\$1.25**

GRASS LINEN WAISTS
In self-color, with fancy stripes and figures, white collars and turn-back cuffs, detachable, were \$2.50.....**\$1.49**

SEPARATE SKIRTS
Linen Homespun, deep hem, full width, perfect in every particular.....**\$2.75**

BRILLIANTINE SKIRTS
Large and small designs, nine gores, lined throughout, velvet bound.....**\$3.98**

Silk Clearance.
Persian Warp Chinas, full 24 inches wide, both dark and light grounds, were 65c.....**39c**

Taffeta Fancies, 49 styles from which to choose, worth up to 75c.....**49c**

Printed Indias, high grades, printed on light and dark grounds, were 85c.....**59c**

Finest Persians, the cream of this season's stocks, were \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75.....**99c**

\$1.19 For Choice of 50 Duck Suits. Were \$2.00 **\$1.19**

Clearance Sale of Fine Wash Goods.

The great sales of last week depleted some of our popular lines of 12 1/2 cents Wash Goods, but for this week's sale we have added hundreds of pieces of Foreign Washable Fabrics, which were 19c, 25c and 35c per yard. They all go in at the uniform price of **Twelve and a half cents a yard**.....

SCOTCH GINGHAMS, the genuine kind, some were 20c, others were 25c.....**12 1/2c**

ENGLISH MADRAS—The real goods for Ladies' Outing Skirts. Clearance price.....**12 1/2c**

FRENCH ZEPHYRS—These are in the finest qualities, daintiest patterns.....**12 1/2c**

PRINTED ORGANDIES—Foreign Cloths, American printed, some people advertise them as French at 20c.....**12 1/2c**

CHANTILLY GAUZE—Striped Lace, in beautiful colorings, over-printed in Persians.....**12 1/2c**

DOMESTIC DIMITIES—Exclusive styles.....**12 1/2c**

LAPPET LAWN—Dotted Swiss grounds, with dainty color paintings.....**12 1/2c**

AMERICAN BATISTE—Forty inches wide, Sheer Cloth, printed in Shirt Waist styles.....**12 1/2c**

MOURNING STYLES—Now so scarce in every one of these desirable fabrics.....**12 1/2c**

An Opportunity Sale of Carpets!

Two weeks more will be given to the sale of the Corbett stock! The rush during the past ten days for Carpets, Oilcloths, Linoleums and Curtains has been due to the genuine bargains offered. This week the same low prices will be the rule.....

LINEN
Hem Huck Towels.....**45x24 21c**

Worth 20 Cents

SHEER
White Dimities.....**12 1/2c**

Worth 25 Cents

WHITE
Irish Dimities.....**15c**

Worth 25 Cents

Eleven-Quarter
Imported Marseilles.....**\$1.98**

Worth Two Fifty

Eleven-Quarter
Marseilles Quilts.....**98c**

Worth One Fifty

GENUINE
Bates 11-4 Quilts.....**89c**

Worth \$1.25

GENUINE
Irish Dimities.....**17 1/2c**

See Windowful

Checked Nainsooks.....**4 1/2c**

The kind we Sold at 7 Cents

SHEER
Checked Nainsooks.....**10c**

Were 15 Cents

FOR SKIRTS
MARSEILLES.....**19c**

Were 30 Cents

FRENCH
GINGHAMS.....**33c**

Always 50 Cents

Linen Grenadines
Grass Cloths.....**19c**

Were 35 Cents

40-INCH
India Swiss Lawns.....**12 1/2c**

Were 19 Cents

22-INCH GLORIA
SILK PARASOLS.....**85c**

Dresden Handles

26-INCH
Silk Glorias.....**\$1.48**

Natural Handles

ALL-SILK
UMBRELLAS.....**\$2.98**

Were 5 Dollars

ONE THOUSAND
BELTS.....**15c each**

Were 25 to 50c

SHIRT WAIST
Sets.....**10c**

With Belt Pin

SUPERFINE
Pearl Buttons.....**5c dozen**

Worth 10 Cents

ALL-WOOL
Challies.....**21c**

Were 35 to 45c

3 1/2-YARD
Lace Curtains.....**\$1.19**

Were One Fifty

72-in. Fringed Ends
Brussels Rugs.....**75c**

Worth One Fifty

M. RICH & BROS

THE LAST WEEK

OF THE SALE!

Greater Values Than Ever!

The contract for Remodeling the store is signed—Carpenters, etc., commence work Monday morning in the rear of the store. Come for Big Bargains, we want to get the goods away out of the dust and dirt of the builder AT ANY SACRIFICE.

FOR RENT—One entire building, 3 floors that is now a part of our Furniture warerooms, fronting on Hunter Street, No. 14 Hunter Street; will rent in connection with our store or otherwise.

WE WILL NOT HAVE THE
Auction Sale

In our Furniture and Carpet Department as was intended at first, but have decided to sell the balance of the goods at less than an auctioneer would get for them—saving the Auctioneer's commission and other expense attached to an auction sale will enable us to show you goods this

THE LAST WEEK

at prices never before seen in Atlanta. Carpenters, etc., to be at work Monday and the

GOODS MUST GO!
While our stock is not heavy now, there are a great many things to sell this week.

THERE ARE

Just a Few Different Styles of

Rockers, Oak Tables,
Brass Trimmed Iron Beds,
Solid Oak Bed Room Suits,
Solid Oak Sideboards
and Book Cases,
Hat Racks,
Couches—
Leather and Corduroy.

...CARPETS...

Only a few Ingrain and Brussels Carpets yet to dispose of—but in the

Rug Line

We have Rugs from the size of a mat up to those large enough for a room, many are made up of short lengths of carpets from our stock. We intend to get rid of them this week at any price.

Rugs with Fringes and Borders,
Fur Rugs,
Japanese and Jute Rugs,
Real Oriental Rugs,
All must be got out of the way this week.

SCREENS....

25 four-fold Screen, 5 1/2 feet high, Japanese gold embroidered, cloth both sides, was sold at \$7.50, cut down 'now to each.....**\$3.00**

CHINA AND JAPAN MATTINGS

In a great variety at less than import price. Heavy fancy Matting 9c a yard. Much better grades at 12 1/2c and 15c a yard.

Mosquito Nets

Of all kinds ready to put up.

Art Goods....

Banquet Lamps. Fine Bric-a-Brac, Onyx Tables, Real Bronze and Marble Statuary, all at cut prices.

SILKS

Dress Goods.

This is the week for Bargains in these lines—all the prices are again knifed with the hope of making the stock very light before the Carpenters reach these Departments. COME AND SEE THE BIG VALUES WE OFFER YOU.

EVERY DEPARTMENT
WHETHER QUOTED HERE OR NOT, SHOWS
GREAT VALUES.

NOTIONS.

Best quality Velveteen Skirt Binding..... 5c
Mohair Cord Edge Skirt Binding, 5 yards in a bunch, only per bunch..... 10c
Aluminum and Steel Thimbles, each only..... 1c
2 papers of Hairpins for..... 1c
Best quality Face Powder only..... 5c
Silk covered Feather Bone, per yard..... 15c
All size Safety Pins only, per dozen..... 3c
Fine quality Pearl Buttons only, per dozen..... 1c
Hooks and Eyes only, per card..... 2c
Patent Hump Hooks and Eyes, per card..... 2c
Darning Cotton, per ball, only..... 1c
King's Machine Thread, per spool..... 1 1/2c
Handkerchief Extract, good quality, per ounce..... 10c
Leather Belts from..... 5c up
Shopping Bags for stormy weather, each..... 25c

HOSIERY, ETC.

Lisle Hose for Misses, a pair..... 10c
Gents, handsome light blue shades of Shirts and Drawers, each only..... 30c
85c quality of white laundered Shirts, each..... 44c
75c quality of white laundered Shirts, each..... 43c
Ladies' seamless fast black Hose, a pair..... 10c
25c quality light weight Cotton Hose, double heels and toes, pairs for..... 50c
50c quality "Mother's Friend" Waists, sizes 13 and 14, all that's left, each..... 23c
\$1 quality "Mother's Friend" Waists, all sizes, laundered, at..... 54c

SHIRT WAISTS, ETC.

A lot of 75c Waists at..... 37c
A lot of \$1 Waists at..... 57c
A lot of \$1.25 Waists at..... 73c
And all Waists from \$1.50 up to \$2.25 are now marked..... 98c
All the talk and writing about big values in Ladies' Waists elsewhere in Atlanta will not impress you if you see the four lines on our Bargain Tables this week.
All Waists from \$3 to \$5 are marked down to \$1.25
\$1 quality Calico Wrappers now..... \$1.07
\$3 quality Percale and Cambric Wrappers now \$1.50
Ladies' Suits, Serges, Cheviots, etc., cut down from \$8, now..... \$4.37
Duck Suits with the Blazer Jackets, made latest style throughout, worth \$3..... \$1.07
\$4 quality Ladies' Linen Suits..... \$2.75
Our best Silk Waists only..... \$3.87
A handsome line of Separate Skirts..... \$2.37

COTTON FABRICS.

All our fine French Organdies, this season's styles, every one of them going at (per yard)..... 20c
Second mourning new French Organdies, best quality, only..... 15c
Best Prints in pretty Dress designs, all new goods, only..... 3 1/2c
Best French Percales..... 7 1/2c
Printed Dimities..... 8c
Printed Plisse..... 7 1/2c

LINEN TOWELS, ETC.

Pure Linen Damask, 56-inch..... 35c
Superior Bleached Satin Damask 62-inch..... 32c
Our \$1 double Damask, 62-inch..... 75c
Bath Towels, 24x35, per dozen..... \$1.05

GLOVES.

All Silk Mitts only..... 19c
Ladies' Chambray Gloves, natural and white, with 4 buttons..... 60c
Ladies' 4 button Real Kid Gloves, all colors, only..... 75c
New line of white Kid Gloves, with black stitching, at..... \$1.25
Silk Gloves, 4 button, black, white and champagne colors..... 98c

PARASOLS.

A pretty line of Figured Cotton Parasols for wash suits, was \$1.25, marked down to..... 50c
All our handsome Persian Silk Parasols, that were \$6.50 to \$8.50, are all marked one price, your choice..... \$3.50
Gents' fine Glove Umbrellas, marked down from \$2, now..... \$1.50

M. Rich & Bros., WHITEHALL ST.

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SEWALL FOR SECOND PLACE

The Democrats at Chicago Complete Their Ticket.

MAINE MAN CHOSEN

A Prominent Business Man, He Adds Strength to the Ticket.

IS A STANCH DEMOCRAT

And Has Favored Silver for Many Years.

HE IS THE HEAD OF A SHIPBUILDING FIRM

That Has Sent Many Vessels To Carry the United States Flag on the Seas.

Chicago, July 11.—(Special).—William J. Bryan and Arthur Sewall.

That is the ticket the democratic party presents to the country. It hails from Nebraska and Maine. There is no sectionalism in it. It is national. It represents the people, the masses and the classes. It represents the great issue of the free coinage of both gold and silver at the prevailing legal ratio.

In Bryan's personality and record, the issue is as clear as the new shining dollar itself. Bryan is the personification of the cause. He has made the fight in oratory throughout the broad land.

Was a Surprise to Him.

Sewall, of Maine, is the one man who has been so bold as to stand out in New England for the free coinage of silver. He has fought on this issue for twelve long years. He has been a member of the national democratic committee for that time.

Yet Sewall is a millionaire many times over. He is the great shipbuilder of Bath, Me., and he is the president of a national bank.

When he came to Chicago he was not thought of in connection with the vice presidency—it had probably never crossed his mind. Yet he had talked enthusiastically for free coinage, and had fought it in the national committee. In the construction of the platform he had given his advice, and every word incorporated in it met with his approval.

When Arthur Sewall went on the stand he had no idea of being a candidate for vice president; when he went to the hall this morning no such idea was in his head, though a few of his friends had talked about him. After the convention met, he was told his name would be put in nomination, and he retired from the stand to a less conspicuous seat. Yet he had no idea of the good fortune to be meted out to him.

The balloting began. Sibley, of Pennsylvania, and McLean, of Ohio, led off over the field of a score of candidates. On the second ballot Patrick Walsh voted for the Georgians for Bland, and that started a stampede toward the good old Missouri; but sufficient force was not applied to drive it through. Yet Bland led on this ballot. He did the same on the third, but Sewall, who had polled but few votes on the first and second, and grew on the third.

Bland's Withdrawal.

Then Governor Stone read a telegram from Mr. Bland, taking him out of the race. The Bland votes went to Sewall on the fourth.

Pat Walsh carried the Georgia vote to Sewall. This started the ground-swell to the Maine man.

On the opening of the fifth ballot it had Bryan and Sewall, and the Alabama and Arkansas led off for him. Then the stampede commenced.

A telegram was quickly read from John McLean, practically taking him out of the race. By this time the same electric march of the standards of the states to the center and then around the hall was commenced. The delegates and audience shouted wildly for Sewall, and there was a stampede to him. Every vote of every delegate was soon transferred to his standard, and he was declared the unanimous nominee of the convention.

Personally, Sewall was not known to 1 per cent of the delegates to the convention, yet to all of them he was known as an able, honest, conscientious free coinage democrat from New England. He was recognized as a man who would strengthen the ticket and cause it to be relieved of any charge of sectionalism.

A Strong Ticket.

The Maine delegates say he will carry his state. That is doubtful, but it is certain that he will strengthen it in the east.

The ticket is the strongest the convention could have named. There are few delegates who participated in the convention who do not believe in its success at the polls in 1900.

The Georgia delegates were conspicuous in the naming of both candidates. They led, and led well.

E. W. B.

SKETCH OF MR. SEWALL.

HAS BEEN FOR FREE COINAGE MANY YEARS.

Maine's Member of the Democratic National Committee—Built Some of the Best Ships on the Sea.

Bath, Me., July 11.—(Special).—Steadily for over seventy years has Sewall private signal—a white "S" on blue ground—fluttered from the mainmast of some of the stanchest, finest, swiftest vessels in the American merchant marine, carrying the stars and stripes in every foreign port.

From the days of the first chubby little Diana, built in 1821, to the great steel Dirigo, launched in 1894, this house has led the country in designs for merchant vessels. Beginning under William D. Sewall, in 1823, the house has been continued, and today owns the largest sailing merchantmen afloat under our flag.

William D. Sewall was succeeded by his sons, under the name of E. & A. Sewall, which firm has since become Arthur Sewall

and Co., with Hon. Arthur Sewall, Maine's member of the national democratic committee, at its head, and with his nephew, Samuel S. Sewall, and his son, William D. Sewall, associated with him.

William D. Sewall, in 1823, built the first ship to carry the Sewall flag, and it was launched November 5, 1823. Every year since more or less tonnage has been turned out from that same yard. In seventy-one years the Sewalls have owned and captained vessels, including seven brig, seventeen schooners, sixty-seven full-rigged ships and four barkers.

The history of the firm is one of American shipping. The head of the company is a well-known man for other reasons than his connection with the old house. He is prominent in railroad circles as well as in politics, having been president of the Maine Central and other important roads, and now being a director in many. He is a man of perhaps fifty, with a strong, free face, penetrating eyes, large, stalwart figure, and most strongly built.

Mr. Sewall has long been a silver man. Back in 1836 he declared in an interview that in free silver lay the only panacea for the financial ills of the nation. Before that, however, Mr. Sewall favored free silver. He caught the infection through shipping and trading with California and the far west.

Arthur Sewall was born in Bath, November 2, 1835; his father being William D. Sewall and his mother, Rachel T. Sewall. He started out for himself when sixteen years of age, going to Nova Scotia and working in the lumber trade.

POPULISTS WILL SUPPORT THE TICKET. SENATOR TELLER SAYS SO, AND HE KNOWS. Because He Is Prominent in the Party. No Nomination Will Be Made at St. Louis.

Chicago, July 11.—(Special).—The populists will support Bryan, that is the reply to the question which has been surging through the town since the nomination of the "boy orator."

This is based on a declaration of Senator Teller, the oracle of the free silver people, since the national democracy declared for Bryan.

The fact that the populists will declare for Bryan insures his election. When the convention was first convened the free silver men received notice that no one who affiliated with either the populists or the support of the populists, whereupon the leaders cast about for one who would fill the bill, and Bryan was found to supply the requirements in every respect. There needed no doubt of the declaration which the populists will make at St. Louis. Nothing more than the word of Senator Teller is needed to insure that. What does Senator Teller say?

The nomination of William Jennings Bryan is satisfactory to me and to me of the populists. He knows it; he appreciates it; therefore, his utterance can be construed as the official utterance of the populists, that being so, there is no reason to dispute the statement that the populists will support Bryan and that will elect him.

BACON ENTHUSIASTIC.

The Georgia Senator Says the Ticket Will Sweep the Country.

Chicago, July 11.—(Special).—Senator A. Bacon has been an interested looker on at the convention. He is delighted with the choice of candidates and is enthusiastically of the opinion that the ticket will swing the country. He believes that the tremendous wave of enthusiasm begun when Bryan finished his speech will increase and even sweep away the sentiment for monometallism in the stronghold of gold.

"Bryan is a platform in himself," says Senator Bacon. "He stands for the silver cause in its every aspect. His whole political career has been involved with the cause of the white metal and his fight for it and his peculiar ability as a magnetic leader, entitle him to leadership. With Bryan and Sewall we will sweep the country. Sewall has for years stood for our cause and his fighting has been done on ground where he found little sympathy. It is an ideal ticket."

Senator Bacon will not return home from Chicago. In a few days he will be joined by Washington Desau, of Macon, and they will leave for a month's trip in the west, taking in Yellowstone park and the Pacific coast.

Senator Bacon is just from his post at Washington and is in need of a vacation. His physician advised that he take a month's rest. After that he will return to Georgia and immediately enter the campaign.

ROBERT ADAMSON.

THE BRYAN HOME.

A Happy Family It Is—Bryan's Wife and Children.

Omaha, Neb., July 11.—(Special).—No man in the world lives more happily in his home, surrounded by wife and children than does William Jennings Bryan.

When at college, part of the time, Mr. Bryan met Miss Mary E. Baird, a junior in the female academy at Jacksonville. Miss Baird graduated about the same time Mr. Bryan did and was valedictorian of a class of eight, while Mr. Bryan was valedictorian of a class of fifteen. She is a native of Perry, Ill. At this time they became engaged and were married October 4, 1864. His family consists of Mrs. Bryan; Ruth, eleven years; William J. Jr., seven years, and Grace, five years; and with them reside Mr. and Mrs. Baird, Mrs. Bryan's parents.

Mrs. Bryan was admitted to the bar since coming to Nebraska, not for the purpose of practicing the profession, but her studies were pursued with the object of assisting Mr. Bryan in his professional work.

Their tastes are literary. Their study is a spacious room in their residence at Lincoln, and bears more of the appearance of a business office than that of a library. There are busts or portraits of Washington, Jefferson, Benton, Jackson, Lincoln, Gladstone and others.

Mr. Bryan is particularly a well-read man, as his many speeches and orations abund-

antly testify. He draws upon the history of men and measures extensively and seems to delight in quoting Jefferson and Jackson upon all great occasions. Mr. Bryan is a man of extraordinary personal habits. He does not smoke or drink. He is a man not given to any special recreations and his life in Nebraska has been a very busy one. His spare time is chiefly devoted to his books, in which he seems to take supreme delight and finds his recreation in them. While he is not regarded as a blous man, he is a regular attendant upon the services of the Presbyterian church in Lincoln and was, before his nomination to congress, a leading spirit in the Young Men's Christian Association of that city. Upon his return home, after his first term in congress, his friends and associates in the Young Men's Christian Association gave him a public reception in the opera house at Lincoln. He said then, and has repeated since, that the expressions of confidence and good will then made toward himself and his wife made a lasting impression upon him.

BRYAN'S SPEECH

Gave Him the Nomination, So Hon. Pat Walsh Says.

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The Nebraska standard is in the keeping of the Georgians, on its way to Georgia, to be presented to Mrs. Hal T. Lewis, whose husband made the brilliant speech introducing Mr. Bryan.

When the convention adjourned, this morning, two young maidens exchanged these tokens of love. It was the request of the Nebraska delegates that Mrs. Lewis be presented with the banner.

Most of the Georgians left for home at 6:30 o'clock this afternoon. Messrs. Carter Tate, Wylie Bennett, William M. Howard, Hal T. Lewis, Gus Morrow, R. O. Howard and J. T. Hill are still here.

The Georgians departed in triumph. They are happy over the nominations and say they are the best that could have been made. They figured as conspicuously in the proceedings as the delegates from any state and they were made much of here.

The convention was one historic precedent and thereon have two historic precedents and statesmen here tell me the scenes of the week have never been equaled. The excitement and enthusiasm were without parallel. The capturing of the convention by one great speech and the scenes attending thereon have not a more historic precedent in history. Veteran newspaper correspondents and statesmen here tell me the scenes of the week have never been equaled.

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THE BANNERS WERE EXCHANGED

And the Men Who Fought Under Them Are Happy.

BRYAN HAS GEORGIA'S GUIDON

While Nebraska's Comes to the Wife of a Brilliant Georgian.

SOME SOUTHERNERS WHO WERE PROMINENT

Notable Figures in the Convention Proceedings—The Georgia Delegation Gets Back Tonight.

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will remember Tillman and his speech of Thursday last when he forgot his many other things about the convention. It was the same fiery Tillman who paced the stage, but somehow the ease and fluency with which he usually speaks were missing. He halted at points and seemed undecided what to say. Beside Tillman sat Governor Evans, and the faithful South Carolina delegates were always in his seat.

Editor Carmack, Memphis' free silver editor, was a conspicuous delegate who was often pointed out from the floor and galleries.

Georgia had two fine southern representatives in Captain Howell and Senator Walsh, and they were notable leaders in the convention.

There were nearly 1,000 delegates here, and they represented every department of life. They came from the cities and the fields and represented every shade of thought in the country. They did collectively represent the aspirations of the nation as a whole. The south and the west and the east united upon Nebraska and Maine and the platform they made. In the language of DeGroot Owen, of the west: "It is not sectional; it is even more than sectional; it is international."

They now commend their work to the people. ROBERT ADAMSON.

A LOOK AT THE TWO CANDIDATES

AS THEY SAT WITH THE COMMITTEE YESTERDAY.

Bryan, the Eloquent Statesman, and Sewall, the Successful Business Man.

the northwest—ex-Governor Sylvester Penney. (Palm applause.)

"When he was governor of Oregon," continued Mr. Miller, "the railroad companies had trouble with their men, and he went upon the scene of action and he said to the corporations: 'Pay your men, and you will have no more trouble.' They paid their men, and he did not call out the militia. (Cheers.) He is in hearty sympathy with the country and the great labor movement of this country, and he is ready to appeal to you to recognize the Pacific coast and nominate ex-Governor Penney."

Senator White retired temporarily, leaving Representative Richardson, of Tennessee, to preside over the convention.

The Nominee Presented.

Mr. William R. Burke, of Los Angeles, Cal., presented the name of Arthur Sewall, of Maine, as a man who "strove for liberty himself."

Mr. Shawalter, of Missouri, presented the name of Joseph C. Sibley, of Pennsylvania. He spoke of the candidate as a modern Moses, endowed with the courage of a Jackson and destined under heaven to lead the American people from bondage into liberty. The name of Sibley on the ticket would, Mr. Shawalter said, add strength and solidity to it. (Cheers.)

Mr. C. S. Thomas, of Colorado, seconded the nomination of Mr. Sewall as a man distinguished for business ability and lifelong devotion to the cause of democracy, and whose name will fill up and round out the work performed by the convention yesterday.

Mr. C. W. Powers, of Utah, presented the name of Senator Daniel, of Virginia. He lauded the democracy as the party whose principles were equal rights to all and unjust discriminations to none.

"You have inaugurated," he said, "a new era wherein silver and gold, the twin metals, shall go hand in hand as God intended, scattering blessings on every side. I desire now, in behalf of the oldest state of the union, the state whose star was placed on the flag last Saturday, to suggest the name of John W. Daniel, of Virginia, for vice president. I present it without his request and without his knowledge."

Mr. Jones, of Virginia, acknowledged the compliment paid to his state, but said that he had been instructed by Senator Daniel to say that if his name should be presented as a candidate for vice president, that under no circumstances should it be voted on in the convention.

Mr. P. Morris, of Illinois, seconded the nomination of Mr. Sibley and spoke of him as a man whose name and personality would consume iniquities and destroy corruption.

"It," he added, "you link his name to that of the masterful orator from Nebraska, you will be inscribing victory on all your banners as the stars shine at midnight and the sun shines at noontide."

Mr. Ulrich Stone, of Ohio, seconded the nomination of Mr. McLean, and spoke of him as the man who had led the Cincinnati Enquirer, made this silver convention possible.

Sibley Given a Send-Off.

Mr. George W. Fithian, of Illinois, spoke in support of the nomination of Mr. Sibley. "Pennsylvania's honor," he said, "although Mr. Sibley had been reported as a populist, he was as good a democrat as any man who had a seat in the convention. It was true that Mr. Sibley differed with President Cleveland and had had the courage to express his opinions regardless and fearless of the administration and country else. It seemed to me that the criticism of the administration could not be found fault with in a convention which had, by nearly a two-thirds majority, refused to sustain a resolution commending the administration of Mr. Cleveland."

Mr. John St. John, of Maine, spoke in praise of Mr. Arthur Sewall, of Maine, as one of the leading business men of New England and as president of a national bank; as a man whose ships spread their white wings to the winds of every ocean and carried the American flag to the uttermost parts of the earth; as a man who promised that he would be behind Mr. Sewall's nomination, but he could promise that next November Mr. Sewall would have the democracy of Maine behind him. (Cheers.)

"Wreath," he said, "with the sunflower of Nebraska, the pincushion of Maine, and next November flowers everywhere will prove more threatening to the little Napoleon of Ohio than the march of the Prussians proved to the great Napoleon at Waterloo."

This closed the nomination oratory and the ballots began at 12 o'clock noon.

The balloting proceeded without noticeable incident until 12:15 o'clock, when the announcement was made: "New York declines to vote." The galleries raised a yell. The chairman then called the roll, standing on his chair, said although Mr. McLean was not a candidate the Ohio delegation insisted on casting its forty-six votes for John W. Daniel. A roll of the delegation was demanded and it was disclosed that at least four of the delegation were for Sibley and one for Fithian, but under the rule the entire vote went to McLean.

Pennsylvania announced through Chairman Harritt that it voted seven for Sibley, two for Fithian, with fifteen delegates absent or not voting.

Alaska Imitates New York.

Alaska with its six newly conferred delegates, all gold men, declared that they, too, declined to vote. The next states called were Oregon, which had been passed, by request, gave her vote for Daniel, at the same time expressing the opinion that he ought to be nominated by acclamation.

The state of Nebraska out of delicacy left its vote might be taken as an indication of Oregon's wish not to be excused from voting for the present, and was excused accordingly.

The counting of the ballots was purposely delayed to enable leaders to arrange, if possible, to swing the convention over to Sibley, and recognizing this fact, Utah attempted to precipitate matters by changing its vote from Daniel to Sibley, but the chair declined to permit changes of vote at this stage of the proceedings. The clerk announced the result of the first ballot as follows:

Blackburn,	29
Bland,	11
Daniel,	11
Harris,	11
Williams, of Illinois,	29
White,	22
Williams, of Massachusetts,	28
McLean,	11
Low,	11
Clark,	11
Sewall,	11
Sibley,	11
Total number of votes cast,	229

At 1 o'clock the second ballot was begun and Alabama attempted to lead the Bland stampede, but the next state called did not take it up to any great extent, largely adhering to their first choice. Several of the states having the largest delegations, however, asked to be passed for the present, with a view of casting decisive votes later.

Votes for Harritt.

When Rhode Island was called the chair, Mr. Richardson, said the chairman of the Rhode Island delegation had called upon him a few moments ago and stated that his delegation was asked to be passed to take their train for home, but had authorized him, with the consent of the convention, to cast their votes for Harritt.

Mr. W. H. White, chairman of the Washington delegation, made a little diversion in the monotony of the proceedings by standing up and declaring that the vote of Washington was unfortunately divided by the influence of the "goldbugs." The chairman cut him short by declaring that debate was not in order.

It became evident that the Bland move was not a success, and Governor Stone, of Missouri, who had been the voice of his state till the last got up and said that the delegation from the state of Missouri had no authority to present the name of the distinguished citizen, but if the convention voted for him they did so on their own responsibility. He then proceeded to cast the vote of Missouri for other candidates.

At 1:42 o'clock the result of the second ballot was announced as follows:

Williams, of Illinois,	11
Clark,	11
Fithian,	11
Harris,	11
Williams, of Massachusetts,	29
Sewall,	11
Sibley,	11
Low,	11
McLean,	11
Total vote cast,	229

A third ballot was immediately ordered, but before it had proceeded far the chairman thought it best to suspend the balloting to introduce Hon. Amos Cummings, of the Tammany Society of New York, who would read a telegram which Mr. Cummings then took the stand and read the following dispatch from Mr. Sibley, dated from Pittsburgh, Pa., today:

"I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your telegram of the 11th inst. and do not permit my name to be presented, I so instructed my friends yesterday."

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This was cheered, but the second attempt to turn the convention over to Bland failed. The hour of music followed, and the choir sang the hymn, "The Church of the Living God." When Sewall declined to vote, the people in the galleries, led by a man at the back of the platform, sang the hymn, "The Church of the Living God." A delegate from Minnesota said the convention had been disturbed all the morning in this way, and it would be a great service to permit my name to be presented, I so instructed my friends yesterday."

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committee to act with him in managing the campaign. These members are to be selected as the chairman sees fit. They may be members of the national committee or not. The selection of Senator Jones means that this is a campaign of the people, the people are the ticket. It is the fight of the people. It is a contest between the masses and the classes. It is a contest of bimetallism against the gold standard. Senator Jones is perhaps the best politician in America. He has been free from campaign politics and the democratic party to victory. He will lead democracy to victory.

E. W. B.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS.

The Convention of '98 Will Meet in the Tennessee Capital.

Washington, July 11.—Under the eastern shadows of the capital today, an unnumbered multitude of Christian Endeavorers gathered to take part in the opening services of song and praise. All "keep-off-the-grass" signs had been lowered, and by 4 o'clock thousands of people crowded the shrubbery, grounds and through the shrubbery, unmolested by the police, to find places of vantage on the terrace. Only the space directly before the capitol was reserved. Here the chorus of 5,000 voices was to be stationed, and before them was to stand the Marine band.

The crowd packed in snugly around the space reserved for the chorus. It presented a sea of faces extending beyond the distant limits of Washington and stretching on either side far beyond the limits of the capitol. No speaker could hope to send his voice half way across this area.

President Cleveland's black and white announcement that ex-Pastor General Wana-maker being absent, the time would be taken up by a service of song and praise. The hour of music followed, and the choir sang the hymn, "The Church of the Living God." When Sewall declined to vote, the people in the galleries, led by a man at the back of the platform, sang the hymn, "The Church of the Living God." A delegate from Minnesota said the convention had been disturbed all the morning in this way, and it would be a great service to permit my name to be presented, I so instructed my friends yesterday."

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BRYAN'S FOUR GREAT SPEECHES

The Young Nebraska Is Conceded To Be Without a Peer.

ALWAYS RECEIVES ATTENTION By the Flow of Words From His Tongue.

HIS CHICAGO SPEECH NOT HIS BEST ONE On Three Other Occasions He Thrilled His Hearers With His Melodious Voice.

Chicago, July 11.—(Special.)—It was the writer's good fortune to know Bryan when he was in congress. He heard him make his first speech there. It was on the tariff and it lasted three hours. He would have stopped sooner, but he was urged on by both sides of the house, so charmed was everybody with him, and when at last he sat down he received an ovation from young men and old stalwarts of the house well calculated to turn the head of many an older man. Then he had given but just one mere suggestion of being an orator.

It was during the early days of the tariff debate in the fifty-second congress. He spoke less than five minutes. He had delivered his first speech on the subject of his election. His eloquence had taken away the breath and desire for merit from the surprised people in the house.

Then there burst forth a volley of applause and then another. All knew that something big was to be expected from Bryan. He waited patiently to learn just what it was.

What was not at his best. Though his speech at the Coliseum, which resulted in his nomination, was a masterpiece of fervid, glowing, enthusiasm-producing oratory, it did not show Bryan at his best. It was in congress that he delivered his best speech. He has been just as eloquent there, but has also shown himself a thorough master of himself as a debater.

It is the habit of old members of the opposition to try orators with interruptions. They tried it with Bryan. He was interrupted by the galleries, but he would stop immediately, or at the end of his sentence, and courteously ask what was wanted. He would wait patiently until his interrupter had put the question and then, quick as a flash, would reply, and nine times out of ten, he would, in the opinion of the galleries, get the better of his opponent. That sort of thing has happened time and again in the same speech, till one would have fancied that even Job would have lost his head had he been in Bryan's place. He seemed to court interruption. At any rate, he was courteous to every one.

When Bryan finished his big tariff speech, old Judge Culberson, of Texas, the leader of the house on legal matters and one of its veterans, said that he had been in congress for thirty years, and that he had never seen a man so eloquent as Bryan. He had never seen a man so eloquent as Bryan. He had never seen a man so eloquent as Bryan. He had never seen a man so eloquent as Bryan.

Three Other Speeches He Made. Bryan made three other big speeches while in congress. One was on the income tax, another on silver, and the third on the tariff. The fact of his being so eloquent on the same day that Bourke Cockran made his famous speech on the same subject. Cockran had been at his best, and carried the house with him.

The melodic thunder of Cockran's eloquence was unsurpassable, and the man who delivered the rebuttal speech, which Bryan was nervous and apprehensive. He fully appreciated the hit that Cockran had made, and the exceeding difficulty he would have in equalling it.

Congressman Springer, who always took a fatherly interest in Bryan, and to whom Bryan owed the fact of his being elected, a member of the committee on ways and means, though just entering on his first term, suggested that he postpone his speech till the next day. That advice was all that was needed to renew Bryan's courage—he feeds on opposition—and he became more eloquent than ever when he should begin. His friends were fearful that he would make but a poor show, so shortly after the speech of the great orator of Tammany Hall, Cockran had never appeared to better advantage, and by his speech had dimmed the impression made by Bourke Cockran.

But Bryan had proceeded but a little way ere his most timid friends were reassured. Bryan speaks from conviction. One does not think of him as merely pleading a cause for pay. He stimulates his audience by his own faith in his cause. He has a money member of congress from this district, said today:

"Since the action of the Chicago convention emphatically declared in favor of silver, I am seriously considering the propriety of withdrawing from the race. I think, perhaps, that course would be better than to continue a candidate for nomination and advocate a policy radically different from the Chicago platform."

Mr. Washington said further that he was satisfied a majority of the voters of the district favor free silver.

Leap Year Entertainment.

Easton, Ga., July 11.—(Special.)—Tuesday evening the young men of the Leap Year Club gave quite an elegant entertainment at the residence of Mr. C. D. Leonard. This was the first affair of the kind during the year and although the weather was very inclement, a large crowd was present, and the young ladies should be complimented on their success. The party was conducted strictly on a social basis, and all enjoyed themselves. During the evening elegant refreshments were served. Mr. Leonard, who presided, was assisted by his usual dignity and love for the young people who were present.

Miss Leveitt, Miss Adams, Miss Hines, of Milledgeville, Miss Newman, Edwards, of Georgia, Miss Smith, of Georgia, Miss Edmondson, Thomas, Miss Scott, Miss Lewis, Miss Hughes, Miss Davis, Miss Kilpatrick, Miss Harris, Miss Brown, Miss Foster, Miss Dennis, Miss Pool, Edmondson, Miss Leonard, Miss Champion and others.

Dear Editor—I am greatly rejoiced to learn that Rev. J. A. Wynne, of Gainesville, has taken the pulpit of the First Baptist church, Gainesville. He was once my pastor and I love him as I love my father. I heard one of his sermons at the First Baptist church, Gainesville, and I was very happy to see every one in the church occupied both morning and evening.

A BAPTIST.

base on the repeal of the Sherman silver purchase act, Bryan told me one afternoon, while we were walking down Pennsylvania avenue, that he had seen an absurd statement in a New York newspaper that morning. It was to the effect that stocks had been influenced by the interview published in the people's champion man. "As if what any man said would influence the price of stocks," said Bryan. I offered to prove it to his satisfaction if he would let me print an interview with him stating that he had abandoned the hope of defeating the repeal and that it would be the first in his life to be in the hands of the people. He had simply never given the subject any thought before.

Popular at the Federal Capital. Bryan was very popular in Washington. There was much regret when he failed to return to congress. He was liked on both sides of the chamber. And he had no better friend among the republicans than Speaker Reed, who, though differing from Bryan in things political, nevertheless respected him for his sincerity, his application, his avoidance of things and habits which so to belittle so many public men with his unassuming modesty.

Bryan is most happily married to one who has been an invaluable assistant to him in his brilliant career. He is a steady friend and will make, should the people elect him, a president who would do what he thought best for the country, without respect to anything but the welfare of the people.

E. W. BARRETT.

EX-SPEAKER CRISP IS PLEASED.

He Thinks the Selection of Bryan Was a Wise One.

Asheville, N. C., July 11.—It is doubtful if the selection of Bryan for president by the nomination for the presidency or believes more strongly that the convention was judicious in naming William J. Bryan as the standard bearer than is Hon. Charles F. Crisp, of Georgia, now here.

"The nominee," he said, "is a man of great ability, earnestness and force of character. During his first term in congress—the fifty-second session—I appointed him on the ways and means committee, notwithstanding it is unusual to appoint a new member on that committee. He had, however, been an earnest advocate of tariff reform and came from the right section of the country. He was a man of great ability, earnestness and force of character. During his first term in congress—the fifty-second session—I appointed him on the ways and means committee, notwithstanding it is unusual to appoint a new member on that committee. He had, however, been an earnest advocate of tariff reform and came from the right section of the country. He was a man of great ability, earnestness and force of character. During his first term in congress—the fifty-second session—I appointed him on the ways and means committee, notwithstanding it is unusual to appoint a new member on that committee. He had, however, been an earnest advocate of tariff reform and came from the right section of the country. He was a man of great ability, earnestness and force of character. During his first term in congress—the fifty-second session—I appointed him on the ways and means committee, notwithstanding it is unusual to appoint a new member on that committee. He had, however, been an earnest advocate of tariff reform and came from the right section of the country. He was a man of great ability, earnestness and force of character. During his first term in congress—the fifty-second session—I appointed him on the ways and means committee, notwithstanding it is unusual to appoint a new member on that committee. He had, however, been an earnest advocate of tariff reform and came from the right section of the country. He was a man of great ability, earnestness and force of character. During his first term in congress—the fifty-second session—I appointed him on the ways and means committee, notwithstanding it is unusual to appoint a new member on that committee. He had, however, been an earnest advocate of tariff reform and came from the right section of the country. He was a man of great ability, earnestness and force of character. During his first term in congress—the fifty-second session—I appointed him on the ways and means committee, notwithstanding it is unusual to appoint a new member on that committee. He had, however, been an earnest advocate of tariff reform and came from the right section of the country. He was a man of great ability, earnestness and force of character. During his first term in congress—the fifty-second session—I appointed him on the ways and means committee, notwithstanding it is unusual to appoint a new member on that committee. He had, however, been an earnest advocate of tariff reform and came from the right section of the country. He was a man of great ability, earnestness and force of character. During his first term in congress—the fifty-second session—I appointed him on the ways and means committee, notwithstanding it is unusual to appoint a new member on that committee. He had, however, been an earnest advocate of tariff reform and came from the right section of the country. He was a man of great ability, earnestness and force of character. During his first term in congress—the fifty-second session—I appointed him on the ways and means committee, notwithstanding it is unusual to appoint a new member on that committee. He had, however, been an earnest advocate of tariff reform and came from the right section of the country. He was a man of great ability, earnestness and force of character. During his first term in congress—the fifty-second session—I appointed him on the ways and means committee, notwithstanding it is unusual to appoint a new member on that committee. He had, however, been an earnest advocate of tariff reform and came from the right section of the country. He was a man of great ability, earnestness and force of character. During his first term in congress—the fifty-second

HOMEWARD BOUND FROM CHICAGO

Georgia's Delegation Is Expected Here
This Afternoon.

LEFT CHICAGO LAST NIGHT
And Will Arrive Over the Western
and Atlantic at 7:20.

ENTHUSIASTIC OVER THE GREAT CONVENTION

The Train Will Doubtless Be Met by
a Large Crowd Who Will Greet
the Delegation.

The Georgia delegation is expected home this afternoon at 7:20 o'clock over the Western and Atlantic railroad. Laurel crowned, wreathed in smiles and enthusiastic over the work of the great convention, the gentlemen composing the delegation left Chicago last night and are now swiftly rolling through the valleys and across the grassy fields of Kentucky.

When the train bearing the delegation arrives this evening a large crowd will doubtless be at the depot to welcome the politicians. Georgia has worked in the front ranks in the convention, and Georgia's banner was in evidence everywhere. At all times, while the names were being called, the delegates were cheering. And it is a representative Georgia crowd that will return today.

Colonel Hal Lewis, from whose lips fell the name of the presidential nominee, is in the party, and he will be accorded a warm welcome and a vigorous shake of the hand when he alights from the train. Others in the party who have worked day and night as the mouthpieces of the state will also find upon their arrival that their efforts have been appreciated by those who remained at home and watched the great battle through the bulletin boards.

The convention adjourned at 3:12 o'clock—just twenty-four hours after Bryan was nominated. As soon as the gavel fell upon the chairman's desk in Chicago yesterday and the convention was declared adjourned, there was a rush for the outgoing trains, and delegates from Maine to California made a break for home. The day had been carried and the last finishing touches to the great fight had been made.

Georgia was in line with those who bade adieu to Chicago. There were a few goodby handshakes, a few words of farewell, and the men who helped make a president were soon wheeling toward the south. But the crowd that arrives this evening will be in the best of spirits, and they have completely forgotten the loss of sleep and a hard week's work in the realization of victory and the enjoyment of victory. They will return to begin with renewed energies the Democratic campaign in the state, and as the train skimmed over the blue grass fields last night the delegates were figuring over the work of the future.

GALLANT PIERCE YOUNG: BRILLIANT FRANK HURD

Mr. T. C. DeLeon, the well-known Mobile writer, in writing to a friend in Atlanta about the late General Young, whom he knew intimately, pays handsome tribute to the gallant warrior and country gentleman. In the course of the letter, he says:

"The news of Young's death will carry a shock to many a good fellow still left. His personal friends throughout the south were legion, for he was not only a fighting and fearless fighter, but one of the most lovable fellows personally in all that brilliant array. I recall him now most vividly as he appeared when the heterogeneous clans began to gather at Montgomery. About the time when Miss Letitia Tyler unfurled that flag which was to become immortal, before Abram J. Ryan sang his deathless requiem when 'furl'd forever' Young was there. Although a stripling cadet who had left West Point on the eve of graduation to offer his sword to his section, he was even then one of the most picturesque and conspicuous figures about 'the cradle of the confederacy.' Tall, lithe and active; a great horseman and a soldier by instinct, his impetuous nature chafed under red-tape delays that were more than a mere man, asking and deserving a commission for active service. How he accepted eagerly the proffered adjutancy of Cobb's legion, fought his way over a major's intervening grades, and became a major general of cavalry while still a mere youth, is well known history.

"In Virginia he was the idol of men and no less popular with the keen judging women of those days. But, young, handsome and popular as he was—and he was ever a great 'ladies' man' at the proper season—he never let social blandishments hold him back for one instant from volunteering for most arduous and disagreeable duty, through August sun or winter's snow and slush. Any allusion to his known courage and dash were a 'twice-told tale.' He was the Murat of the Virginia line.

"When I began to write my novel, 'Creole and Puritan,' Young largely furnished the best traits in the southern twin of its heroes, as Charles King did for the Puritan. Of course, as I have told you, the pair were not meant for portraits; but the King was no more a Puritan, in the generic sense, than the Georgia boy was a real Creole. Yet these two best types of those essential points of divergence, to crystallize which the novel was written. While the critics were saying very pleasant things about that story, many of them objected to my making the Creole a major general on his twenty-fourth birthday, advising me to stick to probabilities. I wrote King the facts at the time; and later when I published 'The Puritan's Daughter' as its sequel, I noted that the statement was well within the facts. After Young returned from St. Petersburg he visited us at Mobile. Then he told me—with all absence of vanity and in his blunt, simple way—that he commanded his division when he was only twenty-three. If I am not in error, that makes him the youngest major general in either army.

"An old joke on Young during that visit recurs to me now. Four of us drove down the shell road for a dinner at South End. A gulf storm had torn away a section of the long wharf—only narrow planks loose—lying across the gaps. Louis Chaudron, Shelton Sims and I passed the first plank; looked back and saw Young hesitant and with unsteady foot. The thicker and the Sims called back: 'Well! here's an anomaly. A man who has ridden gayly into hell of lead and iron—whose front is tattooed with wounds—fears to charge a plank to capture his dinner!' Young made a wry face, swore it was a very different thing; then marched across the plank that bent under his weight to threatening of leaving us literally with no bridges behind us. But that dinner with its reminiscences, stories and jolly chatter comes to me with clear echo today across the valley of the shadow of death. As those echoes die away from memory, realistically come to replace them the living words of Margaret Preston, in her dirge for another brave soldier, earlier borne to the Avalon of southern valor:

"Heard ye the veterans—hearts that had known
Never a throb of fear; never a groan—
Saw the light they died in—
Tears their stern eyes within—
Ashes, our Paladins! Ashes! be dead!"

"So, wrote the southern Barrett Browning, three decades ago. Time has filled our lives with new duties and avocations since then; newer memories may have dulled somewhat the sound of once familiar voices. But when we of the old set hear the toll of the funeral bell, even now the mist of circumstance and the rounding clear away. Time itself rolls back, and we stand on the edge of each new grave, once more under the star-bathed flag and with the fresh sorrow of our youth—again in the young confederacy!"

The Carterville News got out a special issue announcing the death of Carterville's noted citizen, General Young, and the paper certainly had a metropolitan look. The News is one of the best of the county papers in Georgia. Speaking of General Young's death, the paper says editorially:

"Bartlett's tears mingle with those of a sorrow-stricken nation today! 'She has lost one of her most distinguished sons, and whose name is written in the pages of the country's history as a valiant soldier, and one whose noble character endeared him to the people in all walks of life.

"The death of the admirable Young, who suffers an irreparable loss; the state and the nation likewise! 'Today will be one long to be remembered by the people from over the entire country. General Young's life will follow his remains to Oak Hill cemetery, where they will be laid to rest beside the sainted mother and noble father."

The news of the death of the Hon. Frank Hurd was for so long one of the brilliant democratic leaders of the house of representatives means a personal sorrow to every man who had the privilege of this man's acquaintance. Of his public career it is scarcely necessary to say anything, because the record of that is written in the history of the national congress from the day back in the early seventies, when the first was sent there by an enthusiastic constituency in northwest Ohio. He was a man of brilliant ability, and a man who possessed the gift of oratory as no other northern man who I have known possessed it. He was truly eloquent. Time and again his matchless speeches in the halls of congress thrilled the nation. It was as a campaigner, however, that he was heard to the best advantage. It was the privilege of the writer to be with him in a number of his campaigns. Time and again I have seen him talking tariff to crowds of his constituents in the open air meetings which are so popular along the lakes and he enthused audiences as few men have.

The Madisonian says that the congressional convention should be called to meet in Madison at once. The sooner the nomination is over the better. Howard is the chosen nominee, and the convention will only be a formal nomination. A majority of the counties have already acted, all favoring Howard as the nominee except the home county of Judge Lawson. Madison is nearly a central point for the holding of the convention, and she wants it.

Frank Hurd had no easy time of it politically, for the congressional district

was always close, and was frequently put through the gerrymandering process which is one of the favorite pastimes of the Ohio legislature. With each return to power, each political party in Ohio insists on changing the congressional lines, and so it was that Hurd would find himself often in the attitude of a statesman without a job. But he would go at it the next time and would win.

Finally, however, politics up there became so corrupt and the protection barons kept so increasing the size of the barrels they tapped to bring about his defeat, that he grew disgusted with it all, quit politics forever and returned to the practice of the law. His constant campaigning had kept him in a condition of constant financial straits, but the first year of his practice netted him something like \$20,000, and his income has been as high or higher every year since.

He was a brilliant advocate, and personally the most charming and attractive of men. He was a true man in the highest and best sense of the word, and his death is a personal loss to thousands of people.

GEORGIA POLITICS

The Rome Tribune makes the following political predictions:

"There is no election for judge in the August circuit. For solicitor general Davis will probably defeat Hammond. In the Atlanta circuit Charles Hill will be re-elected. In Georgia, speaking of general Young's death, the paper says editorially:

"Bartlett's tears mingle with those of a sorrow-stricken nation today! 'She has lost one of her most distinguished sons, and whose name is written in the pages of the country's history as a valiant soldier, and one whose noble character endeared him to the people in all walks of life.

"The death of the admirable Young, who suffers an irreparable loss; the state and the nation likewise! 'Today will be one long to be remembered by the people from over the entire country. General Young's life will follow his remains to Oak Hill cemetery, where they will be laid to rest beside the sainted mother and noble father."

Hon. S. E. Berry announces for representative from Whitfield, the Dalton Citizen asked him if he was brought out by the goldbugs. He replied:

"No, sir; emphatically no, and I so stated at Tunnel Hill and elsewhere in the presence of many gold men and silverites, though I expect to get many gold men's votes, and I would not make the race if I was not honestly convinced that I will be the means of harmonizing both elements of the party to a very extended degree."

Mr. Berry says he will vote for Hon. Charles F. Crisp for senator. He further stated that he had first of all many silver men to urge him to run, and then a number of gold men, and said positively that no influence outside of Dalton and Whitfield could have brought either directly or indirectly, to bear upon him to run.

TO BRING BACK BUCK O'SHIELDS

Deputy Sheriff Doneho Leaves Today
for Rusk, Texas.

AFTER THE ESCAPED CONVICT
The Officer Will Stop at Palestine at
Request of Sheriff Newell.

IS IT WILL MYERS UNDER ARREST THERE?

O'Shields Will Be Returned to the
Georgia Penitentiary and Will
Serve His Sentence.

Deputy Sheriff Doneho leaves this afternoon for Rusk, Tex., where he goes to place Buck O'Shields under arrest.

O'Shields has been serving a two-year sentence in the Texas penitentiary, and on next Thursday his term of labor will expire. As the prisoner is released from the shackles he has worn in prison, Sheriff Doneho will immediately look the handcuffs upon his wrists and begin the return trip to Georgia.

Several days ago Sheriff Barnes received a letter from the superintendent of the Rusk penitentiary, stating that O'Shields had almost completed his service and asked if the Georgia authorities desired to have the convict returned to this state. Sheriff Barnes immediately wrote back that the prisoner was badly wanted, and an officer from Atlanta would be sent to bring the man back to the penitentiary of this state.

Next Thursday morning O'Shields will be led from the prison and his name and number will be marked from the register in the jailer's office. But it will not be to freedom that O'Shields will walk; for Sheriff Doneho will be in the office and will present regulation papers for the delivery of the convict to Georgia authorities. Sheriff Doneho and his prisoner will arrive next Sunday and O'Shields will be sent to the penitentiary and begin the service of his five years.

While en route to Rusk Sheriff Doneho will stop over a few hours in Palestine, where he will identify or acquit the man under arrest in that city supposed to be Will Myers. Palestine is almost in a direct line to Rusk, and it will require only a short time for the officer to take a look at the man and resume his journey.

The Story of O'Shields.

Buck O'Shields has had a checked career and his name and history is known in every detective's office in the south. After a criminal career of several years, in which he was a notorious leader of thieves and robber bands, he was arrested for a daring robbery he was said to have committed on Decatur street. His victim was an aged white man.

O'Shields was tried and convicted on the charge of robbery and he was given a sentence of five years in the penitentiary. The sentence was thought to have been rather severe and his attorneys filed a motion for a new trial. The trial was denied, and the case went to the supreme court. While the case was pending in the supreme court O'Shields made a dash through the jail door and fled the state. His tracks were so well covered that nothing was heard of him until a few days ago,

from the superintendent of the Rusk penitentiary.

The superintendent had been a description of O'Shields, and one day last week he asked Sheriff South, also a Georgia boy, if a man in the penitentiary at that time who was passing under the name of Clark was not Buck O'Shields. South said it was, and then the superintendent wired Sheriff Barnes of his discovery.

O'Shields has yet five years ahead of him and he will begin his term in a few days.

His Case Has Been Dismissed.

The case of robbery has been dismissed since O'Shields made his escape, but this will hardly have any result.

After a certain number of years after a prisoner escapes the supreme court dismisses the case and the charges are marked off the records.

When Sheriff Doneho reaches Palestine he will visit the county jail and see whether the man now under arrest is that city is the murderer of Forest Crowley. Sheriff Newell, of Rusk county, has again wired the authorities here, stating that he certainly has Myers, and there seems to be some reason for his persistence in the matter. Sheriff Doneho will settle the question of identity as soon as he sees the face of the prisoner.

When Will the Democratic Party Die?

When the lion eats grass like an ox
And the fish worm swallows the whale,
When the terrapin knits woolen socks
And the hare is outrun by the snail.

When serpents walk upright like men
And doleful bugs travel like flies,
When grasshoppers feed on the hen
And teachers are found on the boys.

When thorns cast swim in the air
And insects in summer are rare
And snuff never makes people sneeze.

When fish creep over dry land
And moles on bicycles ride,
When foxes lay eggs in the sand
And women in dress take no pride.

When Dutchmen no longer drink beer
And girls get to preaching on time,
When hilly goats butt from the rear
And treason is no longer a crime.

When the hummingbird brays like an ass
And Limburger smells like cologne,
When plovers are made out of glass
And the Hears of Georgians are stone.

When ideas grow in goldbug heads
And wool on the hydraulic ram,
Then the democratic party will be dead
And the country won't be worth a dam.

—A DEMOCRAT, from Mississippi.

Stabbed Him in the Breast.

Savannah, Ga., July 11.—(Special.)—Martin Anderson, mate on the dredge ball play, went down to go aboard about 1 o'clock this morning and found a negro workman named Toby Phenix in his room and his name and history is known in every detective's office in the south.

Anderson ordered him out, and after some words Phenix whipped out a knife and stabbed him in the breast, the knife going almost to the heart. Anderson is not expected to live. Phenix was arrested this morning as he was trying to make his escape to South Carolina.

FULTON COUNTY, GEORGIA.—Court of Ordinary, Chambers, July 12, 1898. The heirs-at-law of H. V. Miller, deceased, who reside out of said state: Hopper A. Miller, executor of said estate, applied for probate in solemn form of the last will of said deceased, and are hereby cited to be and appear at the next August term of said court, to be held on the first Monday in August next, as said will of said deceased will then be offered for probate in solemn form.

W. L. CALHOUN, Ordinary.

GEORGIA, FULTON COUNTY.—Ordinary's Office, July 8, 1898. Sidney J. Heard has applied for letters of administration on the estate of Charles E. Heard, deceased. This is, therefore, to notify all concerned that the same will be heard on the first Monday in August next.

W. L. CALHOUN, Ordinary.

GEORGIA, FULTON COUNTY.—Ordinary's Office, July 8, 1898. Martha Owen Thomas has applied for letters of administration on the estate of George S. Thomas, deceased. This is, therefore, to notify all concerned that the same will be heard on the first Monday in August next.

W. L. CALHOUN, Ordinary.

GEORGIA, FULTON COUNTY.—Ordinary's Office, July 8, 1898. C. D. Maddox has applied for letters of administration on the estate of Elizabeth Johnson, deceased. This is, therefore, to notify all concerned that the same will be heard on the first Monday in August next.

W. L. CALHOUN, Ordinary.

GEORGIA, FULTON COUNTY.—Ordinary's Office, July 8, 1898. Eliza Maudlin has applied for letters of administration on the estate of J. A. Hush, deceased. This is, therefore, to notify all concerned that the same will be heard on the first Monday in August next.

W. L. CALHOUN, Ordinary.

GEORGIA, FULTON COUNTY.—Ordinary's Office, July 8, 1898. David Richberg, administrator of Joseph Levine, represents that he has fully discharged the duties of his said trust, and prays for letters of dismission. This is, therefore, to notify all persons concerned to show cause, if any they can, on or before the first Monday in October next, why said administrator should not be discharged from said trust.

W. L. CALHOUN, Ordinary.

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W. L. CALHOUN, Ordinary.

GEORGIA, FULTON COUNTY.—Ordinary's Office, July 8, 1898. George Winship, executor of John L. Winship, represents that he has fully discharged the duties of his said trust, and prays for letters of dismission. This is, therefore, to notify all persons concerned to show cause, if any they can, on or before the first Monday in October next, why said executor should not be discharged from said trust.

W. L. CALHOUN, Ordinary.

GEORGIA, FULTON COUNTY.—Ordinary's Office, July 8, 1898. Samuel E. Bowman, administrator of Wallace Minton, represents that he has fully discharged the duties of his said trust, and prays for letters of dismission. This is, therefore, to notify all persons concerned to show cause, if any they can, on or before the first Monday in October next, why said administrator should not be discharged from said trust.

W. L. CALHOUN, Ordinary.

GEORGIA, FULTON COUNTY.—Ordinary's Office, July 8, 1898. Thomas H. Williams, executor of Mary Cara Hardie Williams, represents that he has fully discharged the duties of his said trust, and prays for letters of dismission. This is, therefore, to notify all persons concerned to show cause, if any they can, on or before the first Monday in October next, why said executor should not be discharged from said trust.

W. L. CALHOUN, Ordinary.

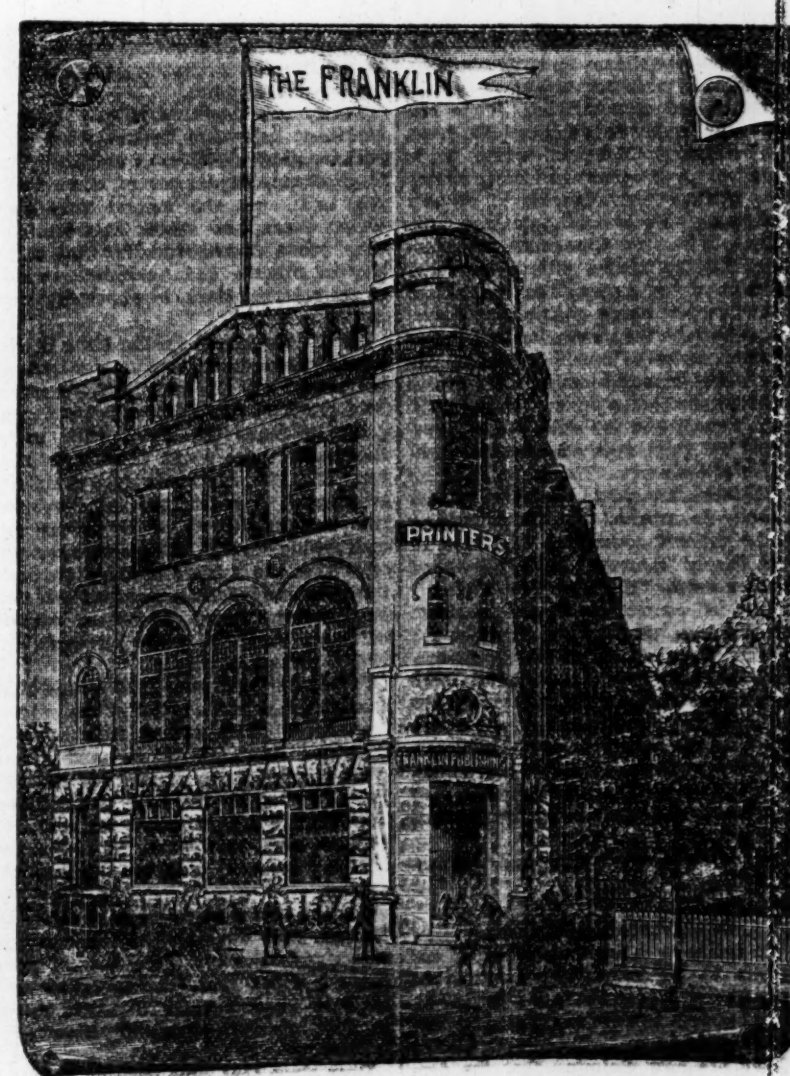
GEORGIA, FULTON COUNTY.—Ordinary's Office, July 8, 1898. W. L. CALHOUN, Ordinary.

Still in the Ring and Leading the Van.

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COUNTY.—Ordinary's Office, July 8, 1898. George Winship, executor of John L. Winship, represents that he has fully discharged the duties of his said trust, and prays for letters of dismission. This is, therefore, to notify all persons concerned to show cause, if any they can, on or before the first Monday in October next, why said executor should not be discharged from said trust.

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It is not honest to him or to the Publisher.
Read this Letter:
July 7, 1896. THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION. If you can consistently make some severe cuts occasionally to people borrowing papers to read, I would appreciate it. There is a man of means and a subscriber in this burg that almost turns any one against ever taking a paper of any kind. Has kept me from subscribing for the last eighteen months. With to keep quiet, but will discontinue taking your paper if it must continue as heretofore. Respectfully,

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30 PAGES.

ATLANTA, GA., July 12, 1896.

The Crisis and Its Leader.
The nomination of Bryan by the great democratic convention at Chicago was the result of one of the most spontaneous and irresistible movements that has ever occurred in a political gathering.

All seemed to feel, and know, and understand, as if by intuition, that the man and the hour had met; that the crisis had produced a leader for the people—a leader, young, brilliant and devoted to the cause which the people have at heart.

There are other prominent men as brilliant, as gifted, perhaps, and as full of resources, but there is not one among them who takes the same measure of the cause of the people, or who regards it from the peculiar point of view which is necessary to a leader who is to consecrate to it all his gifts and to make whatever sacrifices that are necessary to its success. To many men the restoration of silver is merely an important policy; to others it lies as deep as a political principle; but to William J. Bryan it is a cause that goes deeper than political policies and principles. He feels, as the people feel, that it is a sacred cause; that it is not a political, but a great moral issue; that upon its success depend the prosperity and the happiness of the millions of toilers in this vast republic. He feels, as the people feel, that it is as sacred and as holy a cause as that which culminated in the founding of the people's republic.

There were men more than a hundred years ago, as there are men today, who believe that the revolution of 1876 had its end and its aim in resistance to taxation without representation; that the "liberty" men fought for was the liberty to be taxed by their own agents. But Patrick Henry knew better, the great leaders of that day knew better, and the people knew better. They knew that the revolution was precipitated and carried on for the purpose of securing the sacred right of government by the people and for the people.

Let no man be deceived about the people. They know by instinct all that the statesman knows and more, and it is this mysterious heaven-born knowledge that founded the republic, founded the democratic party, and gives to the results of all great popular movements a wisdom as wise as the ages. For this reason it has been said that "the voice of the people is the voice of God." Rightly and reverently interpreted, this saying is a true one.

That man only is the real leader of the people who rightly and reverently interprets, and understands, and appreciates the cause the people now have at heart. Something of the instincts of a seer and prophet is necessary to give form and substance to such an interpretation, and it has been left to William J. Bryan alone, of all the leaders, to stand out before the multitude and brush the merely political and party aspects of this great question aside, and to proclaim in thoughts that breathe and words that burn its real nature and essence. It has left Mr. Bryan to seize

the opportunity to show that whatever cause it is that affects the well-being and happiness of humanity at large must be a sacred cause.

This proclamation, flaming with the earnestness of the man, lifted him entirely above his surroundings, took him altogether out of the domain of party contention and bore him to the highest heights of patriotism. As by an electric shock, the dulled wit in that vast concourse of human beings knew that the man and the hour had met—knew that out of the crisis had been born a leader. So irresistible was this feeling that it seemed as if the hand of heaven itself pointed unmistakably to this inspired man who, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, had brushed away the cobwebs of controversy and scattered the mists of sectionalism, so that the sacred cause of humanity might stand revealed to the blindest eye and the dullest mind.

The convention saw more than the revelation of the cause that the people have at heart; it saw likewise the revelation of the great leader; and from the moment when the banner of Georgia—now and for more than a hundred years the most democratic state in the union, socially and politically—was carried gleaming to the leader's place, his unanimous nomination was a foregone conclusion.

Such a scene as followed the leader's great speech has never before been enacted on the floor of a political convention. Never before did a purely political party dedicate itself to the sacred cause of humanity with more eagerness, or with more intense enthusiasm. And this eagerness, this burning enthusiasm will spread out from the convention and widen and deepen until the contagion of patriotism is carried to the heart of every toiler in the land and into the homes and farms and workshops of those whose courage and devotion have been crowned by supreme patience in the midst of wrongs and injustice that cannot be thought of without indignation.

Thus it happens, as it always must happen, that the people have found their chosen leader—a man whose earnestness has stormed the heights of eloquence—a man with not a spark of selfish ambition in his heart—a man whose character and integrity are written in every line of his face—a man of genius and power, whose selection at this supreme crisis in the history of the republic seems to be the result of divine intervention.

With such a leader the victory is already won.

The Ticket Complete.
The national convention completed its work yesterday afternoon by nominating for vice president, Arthur Sewall, one of the staunch and rock-ribbed democrats of the state of Maine.

In its way, the nomination of Mr. Sewall was even more of a surprise than that of Mr. Bryan, and yet the story, as told from Chicago, shows that the convention has made an excellent selection. He had not been counted a possibility for the nomination, but his availability grew upon the delegates and his nomination was made with great enthusiasm.

The nomination of Mr. Sewall will do much to eliminate the impression which the gold standard people have been endeavoring to make, that the issue in this campaign is a sectional one. Mr. Sewall represents the substantial business interests of the east—the creative interests, not the speculative, as does the man whom the republicans so aptly chose as the running mate for the great apostle of trusts and corporations. If he has money, he has made it through the great ship-building industry of which he is the head. A life-long democrat, he has been a consistent advocate of silver restoration. He is one of the men who believes with that Cincinnati manufacturer, that the trouble with the business interests of the country lies in the fact that under the single gold standard system of finance the money lender's dollar is worth twice as much as that of the men whose money is invested in manufacturing and other productive pursuits.

Mr. Sewall has for eight years represented his state upon the national committee of his party. Though in no sense a politician, his aid to the party in this capacity is attested by his colleagues on the national committee who have all been deeply impressed with the sound common sense of the man from Maine.

First, of course, comes the platform and the man who, as the nominee for the first place, stands as the representative of the principles it enunciates. With them comes the nominee for vice president, and the combination is one which will meet the hearty approval of democrats everywhere. Platform and candidate stand for the true principles of democracy, and that means for the true interests of the people.

This is the people's fight, and "the people will win."

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LONG AND DEER CREEK
THE CHURCHESInteresting Religious News in the Pulpit
and the Home.

Samsen and the Rose.

"Mansel's son, in his blind rage maled, Thumbing the temple down upon his foes, Did not such fate as yonder delicate vine, That day by day untired holds up a rose, But the rude strength which temples over-throw, And beauty's delicate power, typed by the rose, In self-same wise God's wondrous grace disclose: Though differing each, we trace to the same cause, Their likeness in unlikeliness, and thus prove The perfect harmony of His law of love."—CHARLES W. HUBNER.

Rev. J. O. Wynn, of Gainesville, will occupy the pulpit of the First Baptist church this morning. There will be no services at night.

Rev. Wynn is a forceful and eloquent speaker and his sermon this morning will be characteristic of the man. He stands in the front ranks of the denomination and is favorably known throughout the south.

Rev. T. H. Kendall preaches the annual missionary sermon for the women's society of the LaGrange district today. Rev. Kendall traced the largest collection for the missionary cause in the state while he was pastor of Mulberry street church in Macon and Trinity church in Atlanta.

The Evangelical Ministers' Association has prepared the following resolutions on the departure of Rev. J. B. Hawthorne from the city. The resolutions, which were read at the last session of the association, are as follows:

"The Evangelical Ministers' Association of Atlanta sincerely bear record to their indebtedness to the late pastor of Mulberry street church in Macon and Trinity church in Atlanta, who has been a devoted brother and associate, Rev. J. B. Hawthorne, for his life.

"For twelve years he has been among us, telling in his life the story of his faith and the counsel of the most high in the pulpit and defending the right as a citizen. In all that time we have enjoyed fellowship with him as a consistent, Christ-like man, and we have been proud to have him as a pastor and a friend. We are happy to hear that his people have received him with warm Christian love and have given him the right to be useful. We are glad that a copy of this paper be placed in our churches and homes, and further, that a copy be forwarded by the secretary to him."

The Oxford district conference convened on Thursday of last week at Decatur. The various charges of the district were represented. The good people of Decatur have thrown open their homes to the ministers and laymen. Dr. Lewis J. Smith, of Dalton, was present in the interests of the colleges they represent. The meeting promises to be one of great interest.

The South Atlanta district conference will convene at Park street Methodist church, West End, on Tuesday, the 14th inst., at 9 o'clock a. m. Rev. J. W. Heldt, D. D., will preside. The district contains between 80 and 100 churches and embraces the southern half of the county of Fulton, Fayette, Henry and Butts counties. It will be represented by 150 pastors and 150 delegates. It will continue in session three or four days. Tuesday night will be devoted to a reception of the conference by Park street church. At the time several addresses will be made. Dr. W. A. Candler, Dr. R. J. Bigham, Dr. D. Hammond, Dr. J. B. Smith, Dr. Dalton, were present in the interests of the colleges they represent. The meeting promises to be one of great interest.

The Christian Endeavorers are holding their convention in Washington, D. C. The national capital being an attractive, accessible and restful city, the attendance is large as compared with all previous conventions. We must regret it is unfortunate, however, that the Endeavorers hold their sessions coincidently with those of a presidential convention at Chicago, seeing that so large a portion of the Washington people are directly interested in the success of one or the other of the great political parties of the country. But relations are not close enough to make much affect the spirit of our thousands of youth and their leaders now assembled in Washington.

The annual address of President Francis E. Clark gives the key-note to the occasion. It has never yet fallen to his lot to announce a year of slow growth and advance. He has probably yet steady for now fifteen years until enormous dimensions have been reached. Forty thousand societies have been formed. Five millions of Endeavorers have been enrolled, of whom more than 2,700,000 are today members. Two millions of others, scattered all over the world, are probably being enrolled in purely denominational societies. Ten million Endeavor meetings have been held. Five million copies of the constitution have been printed in forty different languages, and at least 15,000,000 copies of the pledge. Over 1,000,000 of associate members have come into the evangelical churches, connected with fifty denominations, influenced in part at least by the Christian Endeavor society; and it is certain that over 20,000,000 have been given in benevolence through denominational and church channels.

As is known the Endeavor movement became worldwide some years since. While its home and greatest strength are with us of the several states, there has been much increase abroad. All Canada has 3,202 societies, and in foreign and missionary lands there are now 6,289 societies enrolled. The United Kingdom has over 2,000, Australia over 2,000, France, 62; India, 16; Mexico, 62; Turkey, 41; Africa, 38; China, 40; Germany, 18; Japan, 86; Madagascar, 53, and so on until every country in the world is represented, save three or four, making a grand total of 46,125 branches.

Availing still further of the report of Mr. Baer, we learn that in the United States the denominational representation is as follows: The Presbyterian still lead with 4,438 young people's societies and 1,696 junior societies; the Congregationalists next with 3,000 young people's societies and 2,077 junior societies; the Disciples of Christ and Christian, 2,941 young people's societies and 1,087 junior societies; the Baptists, 2,739 young people's societies and 927 junior societies; Methodist Protestants, 95 young people's societies and 866 junior societies; Lutherans, 84 young people's societies and 283 junior societies; Cumberland Presbyterians, 805 young people's societies and 89 junior societies; and so on through a long list of other denominations. The fruits, the good works of these societies, cannot be gathered up in statistical form. Bible study has been greatly encouraged, and activity and faithfulness in every form promotive of religion and good citizenship. In the aggregate, very hand-

some sums have been raised for these societies at home and foreign missions, indicative of great faithfulness in their collection. There is, in a word, no more hopeful and promising movement than this Christian Endeavor as carried on from year to year by the young people of our churches, under the devoted supervision of Dr. Clark and his helpers.

Rev. Eugene P. Edmonds is McKinley's pastor. He is in charge of the First Methodist Episcopal church at Canton. He is one of the most eloquent of the younger ministers of the Methodist Episcopal church. He began to preach before he was twenty years of age, and was well known in eastern Ohio as a boy orator.

He was born at Summerton, September 12, 1876, in a parsonage occupied by his father. Rev. P. G. Edmonds, who was also one of the leading Methodist ministers in the Eastern Ohio conference. With his brother, Rev. J. H. Edmonds, he has been preaching for five years, he experienced all the vicissitudes incident to itinerant life, both in Ohio and Pennsylvania.

At the Union academy of Dayton, in the latter state, he took his preparatory collegiate course. Later his father was appointed pastor of the Methodist church at Scioto, O., and from the college in that place Eugene was graduated in the classical course, in 1893. It was then his intention to enter a theological seminary, but ill health prevented. Instead, he remained at home, studied under his father, and was much as possible lived an outdoor life. In these days his father was pastor of the Methodist church at Fairview, Guernsey county, and he began his first pulpit efforts there and in surrounding towns. These gained for him much fame, on account of his boyish appearance and his power as an orator. His manner showed that he was deeply in earnest.

In the fall of 1895 he received his first pastoral charge, Tyrone circuit, a country work out from Uhrichville, Tuscarawas county, Ohio. Born amid the hurry and excitement of the moving incident to a Methodist minister's life, he loved it and kept it up while he remained a single man. October 19, 1895, he was married to Miss Lena Edmonds, daughter of Mr. S. H. Mooney, of Woodsfield, Monroe county, Ohio. Since then, he has humorously says, he has lived a more settled and "sublimely" life.

Rev. Mr. Edmonds' first pastorate in the new relation was Chargin Falls, near Cleveland. Here a new church was built, and the work generally seemed to prosper. He remained there three years, the full term of his contract. He was then, by request, he was sent to Hamilton church, Steubenville. At the expiration of two years he was petitioned for and sent to the new Euclid Avenue church at Cleveland. The circumstances were all favorable, and this church had a remarkable growth during the three years of his stay. Though asked to remain the fifth year, and expecting to do so, some unexpected removals in the conference made a change apparently wise, and he was sent to the beautiful church structure—one of the finest in the state of Ohio. At its rear is a commodious furnished parsonage. The membership is about 1,200. Two new suburban churches owe their existence to the First church during the last five years.

Major McKinley belongs to the communion of the First church. Before going to Washington to represent that district in congress he was its Sunday school superintendent. He was also the first president of the First church at Canton, where he is now closing his fifth and last year. He is a member of the Young Men's Christian Association, at Canton, and is at present a member of the board of trustees of the First church. His wife was originally a member of one of the churches of the family are also connected with the church.

No words, Rev. Mr. Edmonds says, can do justice to the relation of Major McKinley's social and moral worth. It is beautiful and touching sight on communion day to see him with his aged mother on his arm come to attend to the chancel and partake of the emblem of love for Christ and one another. Though never making a display of his religious life, he is a devoted, loved and trusted most by those who know him best.

The degree of doctor of divinity was conferred on Rev. Mr. Edmonds by the college in 1891. The Eastern Ohio conference sent him as one of the delegates to the general conference, at Cleveland, in May.

Baptist.
First Baptist church, corner Forsyth and Walton streets. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. by Rev. J. A. Wynne, of Gainesville. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. A. P. Stewart, superintendent.

Second Baptist church, corner Washington and Mitchell streets. Rev. Henry McDonald, pastor. Services at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. by the pastor. Young men's prayer meeting every Monday night. Regular choir prayer meeting every Wednesday night.

Third Baptist church, Rev. J. D. Winchester, pastor. Services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor.

Central Baptist. Services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. S. P. Moncrief, superintendent. Young People's Union meets at 4 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets at 4 p. m. Woman's Aid Society meets at 3 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m. All are cordially invited to attend.

Fourth Baptist church, corner Bell and Oliver streets. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. by Rev. J. B. Allen and W. H. McLean, superintendents. Christian Endeavorers, J. H. Jones, near church, have been connected with fifty denominations, influenced in part at least by the Christian Endeavor society; and it is certain that over 20,000,000 have been given in benevolence through denominational and church channels.

Jackson Hill Baptist church, corner Jackson street and East avenue. Rev. Malcolm MacGregor, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m. All cordially welcome.

West End Baptist church, Lee street. Rev. S. Y. Jameson, pastor. Preaching at 11 o'clock a. m. and 8 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. S. P. Moncrief, superintendent. Young People's Union at 4 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets at 4 p. m. Woman's Aid Society meets at 3 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m. All are cordially invited to attend.

Capitol avenue Baptist. Dr. A. T. Spalding, pastor. Services at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m. All are cordially invited to attend.

Sixth Baptist, Rev. A. C. Ward, pastor. Services at 11 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. J. C. Wilson, superintendent. Young People's Union meets at 4 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets at 4 p. m. Woman's Aid Society meets at 3 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m. All are cordially invited to attend.

Glenn street Baptist. Rev. J. H. Howard, pastor. Services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. All are cordially invited to attend.

Calvary Baptist church, corner Willow and Capitol streets. Rev. V. C. Norcross, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. J. H. Bagdale, superintendent. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m. All are cordially invited to all services.

North Atlanta Baptist, corner Hemphill avenue and Emmet street. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. All are cordially invited to attend.

for Sunday school at 9 p. m. All are invited to attend. Read, W. H. H. Dorsey, pastor. Services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. All are cordially invited to attend.

Kirkwood Baptist church, Rev. J. L. D. Hillier, pastor. Services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. All are cordially invited to attend.

Seventh Baptist church, corner Ballwood avenue and East street. W. J. Spaulding, pastor. Services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. All are cordially invited to attend.

Mount Olive Baptist church, Rev. E. J. Fisher, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. All are cordially invited to attend.

Glenn street Baptist church, corner Smith and Glenn streets. Rev. J. A. Howard, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. All are cordially invited to attend.

Antioch Baptist church, south Atlanta. Rev. J. H. McLaughlin, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. All are cordially invited to attend.

West Atlanta Primitive Baptist church, on Kennedy street. Preaching at 11 o'clock second and fourth Sundays. Take Chattanooga river car.

Rev. Lamar, of Manchester, will preach at East Point Baptist church at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

Methodist.
First Methodist Church—Corner Peachtree and Hudson streets. Rev. S. H. Kins, D. D., pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. All are cordially invited to attend.

Trinity Church—Rev. J. W. Roberts, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. All are cordially invited to attend.

St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, Hunter street—Rev. S. H. Dimon, pastor. Services at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. All are cordially invited to attend.

The Boulevard church, Boulevard, corner Houston—Rev. R. Kendall, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. All are cordially invited to attend.

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KELLAR AS A MEDIUM

The Magician Performs His Magic in Order To Undecieve the Victim of

A SPIRITUALISTIC MEDIUM

The Old Man's Eyes Are Opened by a Flashlight Photograph, Which Reveals Seance's Secret.

Kellar, the celebrated magician, occasionally performs feats in a private way that are no more wonderful perhaps than his stage performances, but which possess a singular quality of human interest. For instance, a young man came to him not very long ago and said that his father had fallen so completely under the influence of a certain spiritualistic medium that he would transact no business without advice from the spirit land and it was feared that the old man was going to bring destruction upon himself through his serious attention to the ghosts. Some time ago the son stated that the heavenly guides had advised their worshiper to invest in some mining stocks of doubtful character and he had declared that he would take the pointer. The son was greatly alarmed and he had come to Kellar to learn if by means of the magician's talent the venerable dips's faith could not be shaken in these shades that came so good naturedly from the land of the unknown to advise him in everything from the value of mining securities to the best type of bicycle. The possessors of the heavenly truths conveyed their meanings to the old man in messages written upon ordinary slates.

Kellar had exposed the notorious Dr. Slade, at Philadelphia, in some slate-writing phenomena before the Siebert commission and he knew the complete science of conveying messages from the abodes in the eternal stars to some weary pilgrim here on earth. The story of the young man gained Kellar's sympathy and he arranged a scheme to thwart the spirits and deprive them of their pious old victim. The son departed happy and upon meeting his father said: "Father, I have discovered a new medium who is a peach. All your friends are not in it with this one. He communes with the spirits every minute of his life and he knows every move they make. Slate-writing? Why that fellow can just holler at a slate and the spirits will write with solemn advice in seven languages."

The father rejoiced at the discovery of his son and he gladly accepted an invitation to attend a seance with the new medium and get some more advice from heaven.

Thereupon the son simply informed Kellar that his name was Andrew, that his wife's name was Martha, and that the name of his daughter was Susan. Equipped with this meager but satisfactory data Kellar prepared a campaign against the spirits.

An appointed hour found the old man, his son and a friend of Kellar's—there by special invitation to witness "the performance"—seated in the library of the magician's home. Across the knees of the old man lay a bundle of a dozen new slates which he had brought in the woodshed, feat any ringing in of fake slates. Presently Kellar made his entrance and without any delay proceeded to the business of the occasion. Stripping the library table of its lamps, books and covering, he remarked casually that the moquette carpet of the room would probably interfere somewhat with the magnetic control of the spirits, but that he thought he could man-

age the ghosts all right. At his request they examined the table and finding no slate device about it, they took seats. Kellar instructed them to draw their chairs close to the table. The old man sat opposite the magician; the son and the friend were at either end. The room was brilliantly illuminated and remained so throughout the seance. After a pause, Kellar spoke in a low tone, cautioning the others to remain perfectly quiet, to make no remarks and to ask no questions until after the spirits had had an opportunity to manifest themselves. In making these preliminary arrangements, Kellar's manner was solemn and mystic, his pale face was inscrutable while his eyes swept from one to another of the party in those stern and challenging glances which somehow makes all victims of mediums feel meek and utterly incapable of doing anything so offensive as to expose a fraud. Presently he took the old man's slates from the table and carefully inspected them. They were of many kinds and sizes, some in plain wooden

doostance, Arabic, Chinese, Russian and Navajo Indian. The old man had no knowledge of Japanese, nor Greek, nor Hindoostanee, nor Arabic, nor Chinese, nor Russian nor Navajo Indian, but this exhibition so paralyzed him that he didn't even ask for a translation. "Thunder," he whispered excitedly to his son, "this beats anything I ever saw!" "Didn't I tell you so?" replied the young man, "It's a daisy! Shut up now and wait for the next act."

Kellar presently addressed the aged victim: "Please select a slate and write upon it the name of some friend who has passed to the other side of life."

The old gentleman picked out a slate and writing a name upon it laid the written side down and while the company again stacked hands in the center, Kellar said that the hand part of the programme was a condition imposed by the spirits to perfect the atmospheric thought currents which other-

the care and devotion of the spirits, the old man leaned heavily against the table. But at this moment a vivid flash of lightning filled the room, blinding the eyes with its white, shivering brilliancy and stunning the company with astonishment. When the illumination became normal, there were but three men at the table. The medium had vanished.

All but one of the slates were gone. Upon this was written: "The dash of light which has just dazzled you will be the means of revealing within twenty-four hours that what you have seen and experienced here tonight is not the work of spirits, but of a fellow mortal."

HARRY KELLAR.

At the door stood a grave servant who indicated the exit with a calm gesture. The company arose and groped their way toward the street. The old man went first and after him his son. As Kellar's friend was about to step across the threshold the form of the great magician appeared motioning to him from an alcove and then over coffee and cigars Kellar told the story of the seance supply house, where he purchased a collection of the different kinds of slates manufactured in the United States. These slates he placed in the room underneath the trap, first covering several of them with writing in the seven different languages. The preparations were all complete, and the exception of an hour's rehearsal with Barney, his chief assistant. The cues were thoroughly understood between the magician and his silent and cool-headed assistant. The seance commenced. Kellar picked out a slate which was an exact duplicate of one of those upon which he had written. This he holds under the table as described. Withdrawing it to see if the spirits had written, he hastily pushes it back with the remark that the spirits were a trifle slow that evening. This is Barney's cue. Underneath on a temporary scaffold the counterfeit spirit unbobs the trap, thrusts upward an arm and grasps the slate from his master's hand. Drawing it through the trap he picked out its duplicate from the collection which has been prearranged, and deftly, without a sound, places it under the fingers ready to receive it. Immediately the bogus medium exhibits the slate written in strange languages as described in the preceding paragraphs. The piercing glow of a mysterious light was passing up the last slate. Kellar had all hands extended to the center of the table, not for the purpose of centralizing the magnetism, but to draw all eyes over the table and prevent any possibility of Barney's arm being seen.

Within forty-eight hours after this affair, a photograph was in the old man's possession. It was a very good portrait of Barney, not for the purpose of centralizing the magnetism, but to draw all eyes over the table and prevent any possibility of Barney's arm being seen.

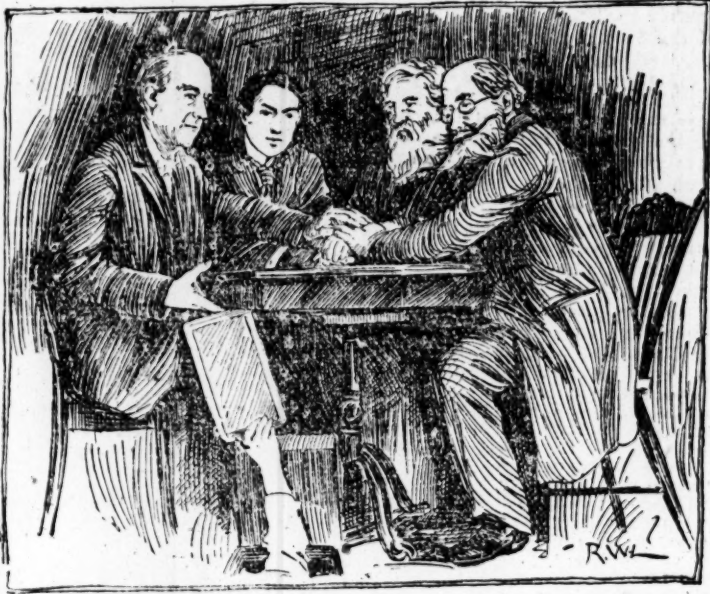
Weak and weary, tired and exhausted on account of the hot weather, this is because the blood needs vitalizing. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla and strength, vigor and elasticity will return.

Dr. Siegel's Anguira Bitters possess an exquisite flavor and are a sure preventive for all diseases of the digestive organs.

Eureka Lump Grate Coal burns free. No clinkers and does not slack. Buy this month your winter supply while cheap. We sell carloads only.

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Kellar Performing the Slate Trick. (From a Flashlight Photograph.)

frames, some in the decorated borders which school children admire. Picking up a small slate, the wood of which was stamped in figures, letters and drawings of animals, the magician asked the men to extend their hands one over the other to the center of the table. A little stack of six hands having been made, Kellar placed his long slim left hand on top of the stack. With his right hand he thrust the slate under the table, keeping his thumb always in sight, however, just above the edge of the table. There was another moment of stillness. Opposite the magician sat the old man, motionless and awed, his eyes upon the pale expressionless face of the pretended medium. If some ghost had then arrived who was not used to serving mediums he could have found nothing in his ghostly experience to explain the meaning of these four still figures, seated in silence about the little table.

Presently Kellar drew the slate from beneath the table. All eyes were instantly upon it. However, it was still perfectly blank. Kellar eyes it wistfully and in a tone of disappointment whispered: "The spirits are a trifle slow this evening. Again he thrust the slate under the table, always keeping his thumb in sight. In less than ten seconds he said: "Let us look again!" When the slate came into view it was found to be covered on both sides with writing, done in a hand too fine for any human being to have inscribed in such brief time. Moreover, the writing was in seven languages—Japanese, Greek, Hin-

doo, Arabic, Chinese, Russian and Navajo Indian. The old man had no knowledge of Japanese, nor Greek, nor Hindoostanee, nor Arabic, nor Chinese, nor Russian nor Navajo Indian, but this exhibition so paralyzed him that he didn't even ask for a translation. "Thunder," he whispered excitedly to his son, "this beats anything I ever saw!" "Didn't I tell you so?" replied the young man, "It's a daisy! Shut up now and wait for the next act."

Kellar presently addressed the aged victim: "Please select a slate and write upon it the name of some friend who has passed to the other side of life."

The old gentleman picked out a slate and writing a name upon it laid the written side down and while the company again stacked hands in the center, Kellar said that the hand part of the programme was a condition imposed by the spirits to perfect the atmospheric thought currents which other-

the care and devotion of the spirits, the old man leaned heavily against the table. But at this moment a vivid flash of lightning filled the room, blinding the eyes with its white, shivering brilliancy and stunning the company with astonishment. When the illumination became normal, there were but three men at the table. The medium had vanished.

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Narrow Torchon Lace in twelve yard bolts 25c
Ladies' white Linen Collars and Cuffs, all sizes, per set 35c

During this week we will sell two hundred pieces Ham-burgh Edges and insertings at 5c
We will offer our entire line HALF PRICE.

We will open Monday morning five cases Wash Goods, Printed Lawns, Organdies and Dimities, including a pretty line of black and white and navy blue Organdies and Batiste at HALF PRICE!

White Kid Belts 15c
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Skirt and Belt Pin combined 5c
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Bandages 5 and 10c
Roach Combs 5 and 10c
Rubber Dressing Combs 5 and 10c
Horn Dressing Combs 10c
Pins 1c
Needles 2c
Safety Pins, all sizes 5c
Curling Irons, all sizes 5c
Madam Lewis Hair Crimpers 4c
Perfection Crimping Pins, per dozen 10c
Kid Carlers 5 and 10c
3 inch Shell Hair Pins, 4 for 5c
5 inch Shell Hair Pins, 2 for 5c
Filo Embroidery Silk, per dozen 20c
Knitting Silk, large Spool 4c
Basting Thread, per dozen 20c
Best Spool Thread, per dozen 40c
Ball Thread, per pound 20c
Darning Cotton, 2 for 5c
Crochet Cotton 4c
Darning Eggs 5c
Turkish Bath Soap, per dozen 30c
Floral Bouquet Soap, per dozen 20c
Butter Milk Soap, per dozen 35c
Cascarella Face Powder 4c
Rice Face Powder 5c
Bone Casing, per yard 2c
Whalebone, 9 inch 5c
Best Hooks and Eyes 2c
Corset Steels 7c

Our stock of low Shoes must be reduced.

Ladies' Sandals, in black and tan 59c
Ladies' fine Dongola Sandals leather buckle and satin bow 74c

Ladies' hand-turned Dongola Sandal, buckle and bow 98c
Ladies' Dongola Oxford, opera toe, spring heel and C. S. last, all solid 98c

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Ladies' fine French Kid Oxfords in twenty styles; any width last or style toe \$1.50

Misses' French Kid spring heel Oxford, 11 to 2 \$1.19
Infants' soft sole, in button, Moccasin and 3-strap Sandals, black and colors, 0 to 3 48c

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Gents' Patent Leather Pumps, plain or opera toe 99c

BARGAINS IN EVERY DEPARTMENT THIS WEEK.

HIS DREADFUL DILEMMA.



With moans
And groans
Weary Walker sits him down;
He, the saddest man in town—
Wishing half that he was dead,
And he fain a tear would shed;
Fain a great big tear would shed,
As he sits in the woodshed.
He would shed in the woodshed.
And why
To die,
And join the heavenly choir,
Does poor Walker have desire?
He's been told that to be fed
He must clear out the woodshed,
Split the wood in the woodshed,
So he fain a tear would shed,
He would shed in the woodshed.
—W. D. Burroughs.

POKER TALK.



"Had a tray full and dropped his pile."

A FULL SUIT.



AT THE RACES.

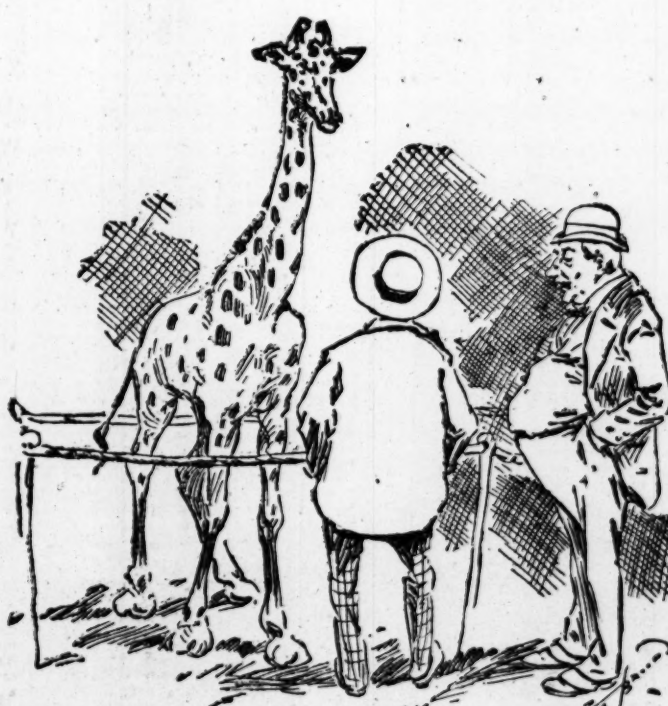


Maud—Who's the gentleman in the check suit?
Claud—That's Straights, the bookmaker.
Maud—Oh, do introduce him. I adore authors.

CONSISTENT.



A HAPPY THOUGHT.



Ass—Why do you gaze at that giraffe so intently?
Spades—I was wondering why I wasn't blessed like that animal. Think of six feet of mint julep rippling down your neck on a hot day.

A GREAT COMBINATION.



Proprietor—I've forgotten the combination on this safe, and don't know what to do.
Brutus—Has you tried 4-11-44?

A CLEAN SWEEP.



Mrs. Manhattan—So your cook left you?
Mrs. Sadone—Yes, and I'm about all she did leave.

WANTED PARTICULARS.



Man about to sink—Drop me a line!
Man on the dock—Which address?

PRICE!

VO CASES
T COLOR
ERTSHIRE
AWNS
3½c.

shoes must be

black 59c

Sandals 74c

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rd, opera
d C. S. 98cOx-
and \$1.25Kid
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utton,
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Sandals 59c

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solid, 89cther
toe... 99c

WEEK.

What to do.

30
PAGES

VOL. XXIX

THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION. PART 3

21-30

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 12, 1896.

PRICE FIVE CENTS



THE GLOBE

WE NEVER GUESS.

When we say

We are selling
goods cheapest, we
are not guessing.

When we say,

"You never saw
goods so low before,"
we don't surmise.

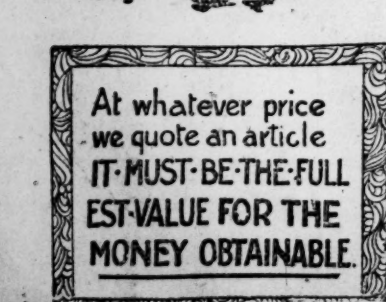
When we say

That we will ex-
change or refund the
money on any article
purchased of us if not
satisfactory, we mean
it.

When we say

That, beginning
Monday morning, we
will kick the founda-
tion from under val-
ues and send prices
tumbling after a
fashion you never
dreamed of, you may
believe it.So take us at our
word and come pre-
pared.

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Monarch Negligee Shirts, the \$1.25 kind, at 89c
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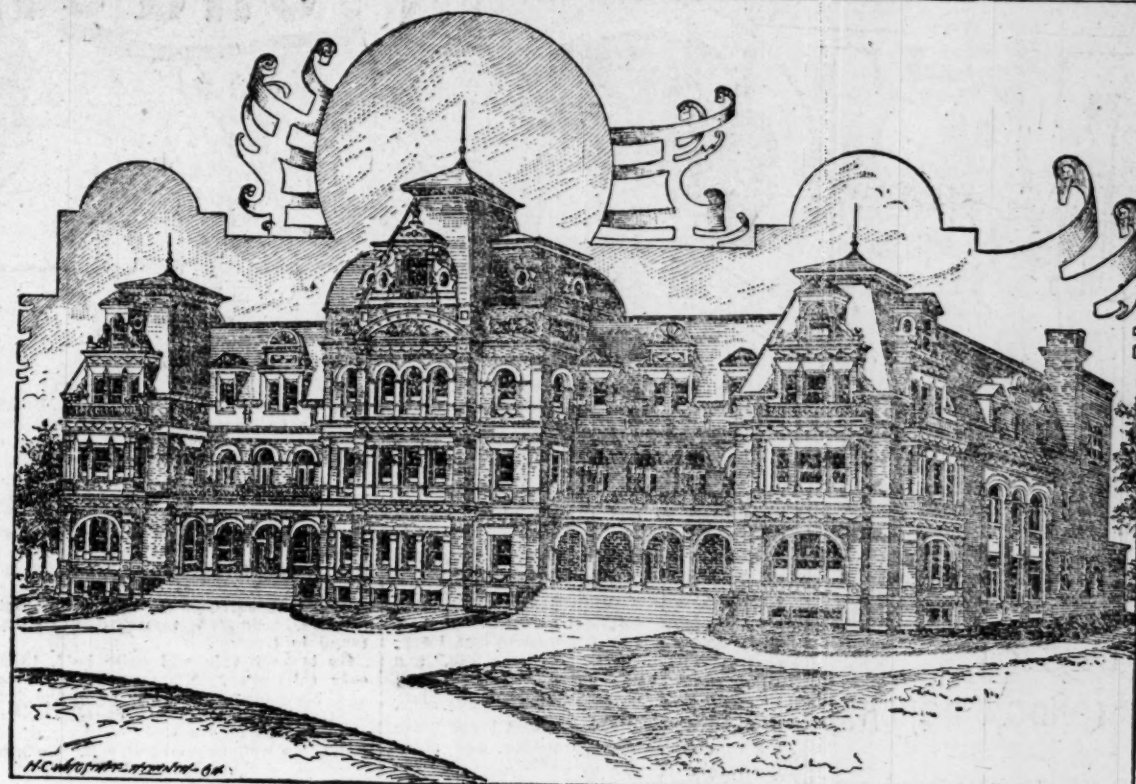
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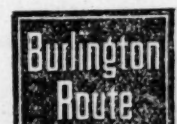
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20 % TO 50 %

GENUINE REDUCTIONS

This will be a week of opportunities for
Clothing buyers.

Rarely are such low prices put upon
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odd lots and partial stocks, and when
buying time is past—when no one is real-
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We offer our present reductions—varying
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buying at regular prices elsewhere, and
we make them not on a few bad styles,
but throughout our whole stock.
Come in early before the size range is
broken.

Eads-Neel Co

is no reason it should be collected and are placed in the park. Care has been exercised at the park to wander about, hereditarily, they will live; indeed, from wandering plentifully supplied scattered in the air they should be collected. The species playfully and long, gray with black; this is most in demand lawn, when shopily inaugurated.

Let me advise coming a point every book bear to devote not a few minutes to the well and estates of most tumbling over to gain possession go up as high as

[illegible]

But I am talking so much of the atmosphere of this interesting man that you are forgetting to think I'm forgetting to mention his own man himself. He has certainly published many times in American papers and magazines, but they would give little of him, for his face is full of the life of the man, and he would not be photographed. He has a poet's head. His eyes are brown and exquisitely gentle and expressive. He has the good, broad shoulders of an athletic Englishman, but an Italian's grace. He has a strong, romantic feeling. He has recently been visiting Sicily, there to study the subject of his book now on the eve of being published. He has been studying the romance of Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton, and certainly the romance writer could not meet a larger subject than this. He has a better historical subject than this, and he has a better majority of the clever

William Black is there, now?" and then followed a long list of worthy folks in a history connected with the street—such a list as every very Englishman has at his finger's ends. "No American alas!" can remember. I asked him if Evelyn Millard would be during the evening, thinking to draw out about his rumored engagement. "No, I think not," he said. "You like her as Princess Flavia, don't you?" "Yes, very much. You know it's not my fault," he said. "I was afraid it would be for me. I know of no one whom I thought would do the trick to suit me. She has proved perfect in interpretation."

"She is charming, isn't she?" "Yes, charming in every way."

and this was all I could get out of this English Englishman, who was so thor-

[illegible]

THE NEW WOMAN WITH ROD AND REEL

In this vicinity, too, is a woman to whom Isaac Walton himself might well have paid tribute. Her name is Mrs. Washington, D. C., is from Mendhamville, adds the most expert woman angler in America, and I don't know that I need say more about her than that she is "wonderful," either. As early as 1870 she was recognized as the most expert trout fisher in the country, and she has been so ever since. She lives in the trout streams of Pennsylvania. She catches them by hand, and could catch fish when skilled old fishermen came home with empty creels. She has been married twice, and now, at 60, and in those days, unconcernedly as a young girl, she wears a simple dress or a checked flannel suit with bloomers underneath, a skirt nearly to her knees, and a soft, comfortable hat.

merica are girls and women, or they have more ursering instinet for color, and the color of the hair is a thing to be proud of. In the tiny, delicate bright blue plumes, in the costume adopted by the genteel sisterhood of anglers, beauty must of necessity be sacrificed to utility. But in this very compromise a result has been achieved scarcely to be outdone in pictet rescue efforts. The petticoats are of a light blue, the conventional bicycle skirt, the boots decidedly avian, with uncompromising flat heels and thick rubber soles. The girls are all of them taken up angling merely as a fad since this fetching costume with a jaunty little sailor trimmed with ribbons to match the colors in their hair, is so much more practical and serious sport gear the finishing touch of their attractiveness by a hat specially devised for anglers of both sexes. This is an affair made of their own linen on black India silk, the top being made of a material that clapped on above any ordinary hat. It consists of a soft crown made by sewing together six pieces cut in the shape of a triangle, the top brim is fully six inches wide and is finished with a wire. On the edge of this brim depends a fall of mosquito netting reaching to the waist. The top of the crown is a soft, downy, most fascinating bit of headgear may be flipped up to a circle not larger around than a saucer, and need not occupy more space than a pocket. The luggage that a good-sized hand-

But if anyone openly goes wrong with the concealed enemies of the latter, "the most capable woman has nothing with which to meet it, but utter helplessness." In fact, my attention was first called to this by the experience of a friend of mine while in a beautifully sequestered country home. One day, while I was sitting in the morning, he did appear at her door with the news that there was an overflow in the garden and the nearest plowman three miles off. She was obliged to go out, finding but misery and desolation until the number, who was off regaling himself on the only day, could be brought to the door. Then for two of the wrist, and into peace and comfort were restored. The only person being a particular friend of mine, did not see the matter to her. She had employed the dreary rain in bitterly resenting the fact that she was not able to give her the comfort from sheer ignorance and incompetence. She argued with herself, "If a

RAISING ORNAMENTAL BIRDS IS LUCRATIVE

Raising peacocks and pheasants is the latest novelty and money-making avocation which women of this end of the country are engaged in.

A demand already exists for these magnificent and ornamental additions to the garden or shrubbery. It has become very much the vogue with rich Americans to surround their superb estates, shrubberies and pleasure grounds, with marble Psychea and fountains, glittering fountains, ivy-covered seats and hedges cut in curving lines. The superb garden is lacking in the landscape, the gaudy peacock and the beautiful pheasant.

A Sure Market.

To supply this want a number of people are importing birds from all over England. George Vanderbilt is among the number; he has already a number of peacocks, of the breed curiously called "Fanned," which he breeds in his park. He has a metallic, lacquer-like glaucous blue, which he breeds in his park. They are often wrongly spoken of as the Japanese or Japan peacock. Theodore Payne has recently imported a large number of peacocks from Japan. He has paid "five punts" a hundred for each. He sent them to his model farm, Wahwah, N. J. and then invited a couple

ant, but must be carefully fed. They are very greedy and will consume almost anything, but they prefer substantial living themselves; it must be known that they have plenty of water and occasionally fresh vegetables. In the summer they avail themselves of the shade of trees and in some secluded nook the nest is made. The hen should be left to her own meditations and not interfered with while she is on the nest hatching the eggs.

The catfowl always to make her own nest; a hedge always brings out a strong nature; a better brood than one that has a nest in a house. When hatched, the young should be fed with a soft food, but in the third day, feeding not being required. The first food should be egg and milk, equal parts, beaten together and heated. Then give a soft food, such as corn, with a little millet or wheat. When one adds gradually to one's stock to sell eggs as soon as the birds are hatched, the eggs should be healthy proportions.

Raising Pheasants.

Bringing up pheasants, by hand, is the

White Or
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HIGHEST AWARD
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THAT'S MEAT & DRINK
TO THE WORLD

THE HELMET

From The Senard Magazine.

"But, uncle, I love my cousin!"
"Get out!"
"Give her to me!"
"Don't bother me!"
"It will be my death!"
"Nonsense! You'll console yourself with some other girl."

"Pray—"
My uncle, whose back had been toward me, whirled round, his face red to bursting, and brought his closed fist down upon the counter with a heavy thump.
"Never!" he cried; "never! Do you hear what I say?"

And as I looked at him beseechingly and with joined hands, he went on:
"A pretty husband you look like!—without a sou, and dreaming of going into housekeeping! A nice mess I should make of it by giving you my daughter! It's no use your insisting. You know that when I have said 'No,' nothing under the sun can make me say 'Yes!'"

I ceased to make any further appeal. I knew my uncle—about as headstrong an old fellow as could be found in a day's search. I contented myself with giving vent to a deep sigh, and then went on with the furnishing of a big double-handed sword, rusty from point to hilt.

This memorable conversation took place, in fact, in the shop of my maternal uncle, a well-known dealer in antiquities and objects d'art, 53 Rue des Claqueuses, at the sign of the "Maltese Cross"—a perfect museum of curiosities.

The walls were hung with Marcellian and old Rouen china, facing ancient cuirasses, salvers, and muskets, and picture frames; below these were ranged old cabinets, coffers of all sorts, and statues of saints, one armed or one-legged for the most part, and dilapidated as to their gilding; then, here and there, in glass cases, hermetically closed and locked, there were knickknacks in infinite variety—lacrimatories, tiny urns, rings, precious stones, fragments of marble, barcelots, crosses, necklaces, medals and miniature ivory statues, the yellow tints of which, in the sun, took momentarily a flesh-like transparency.

Time out of mind the shop had belonged to the Cornubian. It passed regularly from father to son, and my uncle—his neighbors said—could not but be the possessor of a nice little fortune. Held in esteem by all, a municipal councillor, he was yet more, and above all, the father of my uncle Cornubian, my only living male relative, who as soon as I left school had elevated me to the dignity of chief and only clerk and shepherd of the "Maltese Cross."

But my uncle was not only a dealer in antiquities and a municipal councillor, he was yet more, and above all, the father of my cousin Rose, with whom I was naturally in love.

To come back to the point at which I digressed.

Without paying any attention to the sighs which exhaled from my bosom while scouring the rust from my long, two-handed sword, my uncle, magnifying glass in hand, was engaged in the examination of a lot of medals which he had purchased that morning. Suddenly he raised his head; 5 o'clock was striking.

"The council!" he cried.

When my uncle pronounced that angust word, it made a mouthful; for a pin, he would have saluted it bareheaded. But, this time, after a moment's consideration,

he tapped his forehead and added, in a tone of supreme indifference:

"No, the sitting does not take place before tomorrow—and I am forgetting that I have to go to the railway station to see the consignments of which I was advised this morning."

Rising from his seat, and laying down his glass, he called out:
"Rose, give me my cane and hat!"
Then, turning toward me, he added, in a lower tone and speaking very quickly:

"As to you—don't forget our conversation! If you think you can make me say 'Yes,' try—but I don't think you'll succeed. Meanwhile, but I don't think you'll succeed. Meanwhile, but I don't think you'll succeed."

And as I looked at him beseechingly and with joined hands, he went on:
"A pretty husband you look like!—without a sou, and dreaming of going into housekeeping! A nice mess I should make of it by giving you my daughter! It's no use your insisting. You know that when I have said 'No,' nothing under the sun can make me say 'Yes!'"

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"No, the sitting does not take place before tomorrow—and I am forgetting that I have to go to the railway station to see the consignments of which I was advised this morning."

"Very good, uncle," I murmured, not daring to raise my eyes to his.
That night, on reaching my room, I at once went to bed. I was eager to be alone and able to think at my ease. Night brings counsel, it is said; and I had great need that the proverb should prove true. But, after lying awake for an hour without receiving any assistance, I fell to sleep, and, till next morning, did nothing but dream the oddest dreams. I saw Rose on her way to church in a strange bridal costume, a fourteenth century cap, three feet high, on her head, but looking prettier than ever; then suddenly the scene changed to moonlight in which innumerable helmets and pieces of old china were dancing a wild farandole, while my uncle, clad in complete armor and with a formidable halberd in his hand, conducted the bewildering to keep Marlborough up. Wrong, all wrong.

"Then you don't believe in an aristocracy—a monarchy?"
"Oh, I won't say that. No, no; every government gets itself in a mess over something. Every government is corrupt."

I then went on to say something about the beauty of the British system in certain ways—its preservation of home and home feeling through entailed estates.
He chuckled again.

"I got a great old house in the country. You'd better go out and buy it. More land than I want. More house, too. Never live there. Sell you the house—musty old house, interesting, though. Too lonely. You see, I haven't much money. My father was one of the richest men in England. When we children were growing up he used to tell us not to trouble, there was more than we could spend in a life time for each one of us. And what do you think he did?"

"I can't imagine," I said deeply interested.
"Why, he married a domestic in his dotage and left her all his money. We never got a cent."

He laughed as if the recollection was fraught with humor.
"But couldn't you get it back?" I asked, deeply concerned.

"No, no; never tried. My oldest brother, who is dead now, would have been the man. He was a peculiar fellow. He wouldn't hear to the idea of fighting the will."

"But don't you hate to think of what you might have had?"
"Not a bit, not a bit. A man can use only a certain amount. I enjoy life; always have enjoyed it; loaf around through England, you know, and paint pictures, live in London when I'm at home, live all by myself; lots of good books and a garden; old servants used to my ways. I'm happy. I wouldn't be without tobacco. That's what makes life worth living."

Here, indeed, was Arcadian philanthropy in Arcadia. The merry ring of his voice was with me now, but I cannot, on cold paper, convey the exuberant charm, the warmth and kindness, and genuine joy of this dear old chap.

You will believe how old he is when I tell you that he was a close personal friend of both Thackeray and Dickens; that his library contained autograph volumes of their works and of many other notable men and women of that time. He belonged to the same club as the two great novelists and knows more about them than any living human being in London today. I didn't know this, I am sorry to say, until after our chat was over, but if he doesn't lie down to soon that little nap which he maintained so jovially, I shall yet have a chat with him on those interesting subjects.

The masculine part of the company was mostly made up of painters, young and old, famous and obscure—the famous ones looking so by right of bearing and visage and the obscure ones trying to look wonderful by dint of large mops of hair and intact expressions.

use such a term toward a man's countenance, was that of the artist Sanson, whose greatest painting has been often reproduced. Its title is "Her Father's House." And the scene shows the staid interior of Westminster Abbey. A congregation of well-dressed people is worshipping beneath the guidance of a prosperous parson. At the window stands a child peeping in—a child hungry and ragged at the door of "The Father's House."

To know the man who painted this picture is to know a spirit above the ordinary level of human thought, a man of deep feeling and strong independent convictions. "I don't send my pictures to exhibitions any more," he said, "it hampers thought and originality to be painting things to please people, and the idea of other painters who are his equals, not his superiors, sometimes even his inferiors, seems absurd to me."

Mr. Sanson has always been one of the most successful artists in London. He paints as Dickens wrote, picturing the simple and pathetic scenes of life.

L. Fairface Muckley is another interesting artist with whom I chatted. He is now painting the portrait of Blackmore, the author of "Lorna Doone." He is young, but is considered one of the coming artists in portraiture and in black and white illustration. His illustrations of romances and stories are much after the style of Walter Crane, but full of his own strength and originality.

In London one gets as much hap-hazard, go-lucky bohemianism as is to be found on this earth. This black and white artist was speaking of a check for £100 he had got for his last piece of work. "And what," I asked, "are you going to do with it?"

"I'm going in a boat," he said, "and I'll go through England on the Thames till it's all gone and then I'll come back and make some more."

A party of us were sitting there in the garden, and such a garden! Great wicker chairs covered with oriental embroideries, Turkish rugs spread on the grass and tables positively poetic with their fragrant red wine and cigarettes in bowls of bull and sandal wood.

The table in the dining room where refreshments were set looked like a picture from the Spanish reminiscence. In its center stood a tall stand of fruit and there were flagons of wine and dainty cakes and jellies and sandwiches.

These evenings at home in an English house are exquisitely simple and unpretentious—no meats and rich salads, just light refreshments, punch, wine and coffee.

I went to a garden-party the other afternoon and saw many pretty frocks and interesting folks. The affair was at the home of Mrs. Aylmers Goring, a woman of literary and artistic tastes. The garden itself was charming, filled with bright flowers, and refreshments were served from a gay tent at one end. A band played on the little piazza at the back and there was singing in the open air. A pretty thing, by the way, about these English garden parties is that women bring their children and the little folks seem to have quite as jolly a time as the "grown-ups."

At afternoon teas, too, one frequently sees a mother with one or two children, prettily dressed and always well behaved, for English children never seem to soil their pinafores and they never chirp into a chat with him on those interesting subjects.

The hostess at this garden party wore a gown of white satin with a long train. It was made with a high neck and elbow sleeves met by white suede gloves. Among the notable folks present on the occasion were Charles Wyndham, Mary E. Braddon, were Charles Wyndham, Mary E. Braddon, known in private life as Mrs. Macowell.

and Madame Belle Cole, the American whirl.
The next day—ah! the next day—I was no nearer. In vain, with clenched teeth, I scoured the immense helmet brought by my uncle the previous evening—scoured it with such fury as almost to break the iron; not an idea came to me. The helmet shone like a sun; my uncle sat smoking his pipe and watching me, but I could think of nothing of no way of forcing him to give me his daughter.

At 3 o'clock Rose went into the country, whence she was not to return until dinner time in the evening. On the threshold she could only make a sign to me with her hand; my uncle had not left us alone for a single instant. He was not easy in his mind; I could see that by his face. No doubt he had not forgotten our conversation of the previous evening.

I went on rubbing at my helmet.
"You have made it quite bright enough—put it down," said my uncle.

I put it down. The storm was gathering; I could not do better than to allow it to blow over.

But suddenly, as if overtaken by a strange fancy, my uncle took up the enormous morion and turned and examined it on all sides.

"A handsome piece of armor, there is no doubt about it; but it must have weighed pretty heavily on its wearer's shoulders," he muttered, and, urged by I know not what demon, he clapped it on his head and latched the gorget piece about his neck.

Struck almost speechless, I watched what he was doing—thinking only how ugly he looked.

Suddenly there was a sharp sound—as if a spring had snapped—and—crack!—down fell the visor; and there was my uncle, with his head in an iron cage, gesticulating and swearing like a pagan.

I could contain myself no longer, and burst into a roar of laughter; for my uncle, stumpy, fat and rubicund, presented an irresistibly comic appearance. "One moment," he cried, "I'll be back in a minute. The hinges—the hinges, fool!" he yelled. I could not see his face, but I felt that it was red to bursting.

"When you have done laughing, idiot!" he cried.

But the helmet swayed so oddly on his shoulders, his voice came from out it in such strange tones, that the more he gesticulated, the more he yelled and threatened me, the louder I laughed.

At that moment the clock of the Hotel-deville, striking 5, was heard.
"The municipal council!" murmured my uncle in a stifled voice. "Quick, help me off with this beast of a machine! We'll settle our business afterwards!"

But, suddenly likewise, an idea—a wild, extraordinary idea—came into my head; but then, whoever is madder than a lover? Besides, I had no choice of means.

"No!" I replied.
My uncle fell back two paces in terror—and again the enormous helmet wobbled on his shoulders.

"No!" I repeated, firmly. "I'll not help you out unless you give me the hand of my cousin, Rose!"

From the depths of the strangely elongated visor came not an angry exclamation, but a veritable roar. I had "done it!" I had burned my ships.

"If you do not consent to do what I ask of you," I added, "not only will I help you out unless you give me the hand of my cousin, Rose, but I will call in all your neighbors, and then go and find the municipal council!"

"Decide at once," I cried, "somebody is coming!"
"Well, then—yes!" murmured my uncle.
"But make haste!"
"On your word of honor!"
The visor gave way, the gorget piece also, and my uncle's head issued from durand, red as a poppy.

Just in time. The chemist at the corner, a colleague in the municipal council, entered the shop.

"Are you coming?" he asked; "they will be beginning the business without us."
"I'm coming," replied my uncle.

And without looking at me, he took up his hat and cane and hurried out.
The next moment all my hopes had vanished. My uncle would surely not forgive me.

At dinner time I took my place at table on high right hand in low spirits, ate little, and said nothing.

"It will come with the dessert," I thought.

Rose looked at me, and I avoided meeting her eyes. As I had expected, the dessert, over my uncle lit his pipe, raised his head, and then—
"Rose, come here!"
Rose went to him.

"Do you know what that fellow there asked me to do yesterday?"
I trembled like a leaf, and Rose did the same.

"To give him your hand," he added. "Do you love him?"
Rose cast down her eyes.

"Very well," continued my uncle; "on this side the case is complete. Come here, you."

I approached him.
"Here I am, uncle," and, in a whisper, I added quickly: "Forgive me!"
He burst out into a hearty laugh.

"Marry him, donkey, since you love him, and I give her to you!"
"Ah! uncle!"
"Ah! dear papa!"

And Rose and I threw ourselves into his arms.

"Very good! very good!" he cried, wiping his eyes. "He happy, that's all that I ask." And, in turn, he whispered in my ear: "I should have given her to you all the same, you big goose; but—keep the story of the helmet between us two!"

I give my word that I have never told it but to Rose, my dear little wife. And, if ever you pass along the rue des Claqueuses, 53, at the place of honor in the old shop, I'll show you my uncle's helmet, which we would never sell.

Baseball and Tennis.
Balls, bats, mits, masks, home plates, tennis rackets, nets and balls, all at greatly reduced prices to close out at.

JOHN M. MILLER,
23 Mahetta street Atlanta, Ga. July 11-12

A Grateful Dog.
One who recently paid a visit to Guy's hospital tells that when in the colonnade of the institution, and about to leave, he became the object of demonstrative attention on the part of a small dog, named by name, as he afterwards ascertained, it seems that last winter Prince sustained a fracture of a hind leg, and entirely ceasing his own initiative, dragged himself into the hospital precincts and applied for surgical relief. It was granted ungrudgingly; the leg was put in plaster and the dog was given nursing and aliment suitable to his condition. In the fullness of time he was made a whole, if slightly lame, dog, and it was intimated to him that he might return to his former occupation and his friends, if any. He refused to do either and enrolled himself as one of the immortal army of grateful Guy's patients, electing to remain on the premises and give constant exhibitions of his veneration for all who come and go about the place of his healing. In this position he insisted so amply that he carried his point, and is regarded as an established feature of the institution.—Westminster Gazette.

Why Not Send Your Family to Look out Inn

For the summer? It is only five hours' ride from Atlanta. You can come up every Saturday and stay over Sunday with them. The fare for the round trip is only \$12. LOOKOUT INN, by far the finest and best kept hotel in the south. Excellent music, dancing and other entertainments every night. The rooms are all elegantly furnished and lighted by electricity. The weather is always cool, nights perfect; no mosquitoes; no malaria; and scenery the grandest the sun ever shone upon. You can reach the INN from Chattanooga in thirty minutes, either by the Chattanooga and Lookout Mountain railroad, which runs elegant cars from both depots in Chattanooga direct to the INN, without change, or by the electric cars, which run every fifteen minutes past the depot direct to the New Inn (Inn No. 2), which will bring you to the door of the INN. On arrival at Chattanooga ask for the INN porter; he will show you the way.

Write for circulars and terms to M. S. Gibson, manager Lookout Inn, Lookout Mountain, Tenn. June 24-27

SPECIAL RATES FOR CUM-BERLAND AND ST. SIMON'S

Georgia Teachers and Everybody Via the Southern Railway.

On July 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th, and July 20th and 21st, the Southern Railway will sell excursion tickets from all points in Georgia to Brunswick and return at rate of one fare for the round trip. These tickets will be good to return until August 1st, and afford fine opportunity for a visit to St. Simon's and Cumberland. Special excursion on steamers from Brunswick to St. Simon's and Cumberland in connection with these tickets via the Southern Railway. The Southern Express limited vestibule train of coaches and Pullman sleepers leaves Atlanta, 9:30 p. m. daily, passing Macon 11:30 p. m., arriving Brunswick 7 a. m. Ample time to take breakfast before departure of boats. On the above dates the round trip rate from Macon, \$5.50.

See that your ticket reads via Southern Railway and apply for further information to any ticket agent, or

Traveling Passenger Agent, E. J. WELLS, Macon, Ga.

W. H. TAYLOR, District Passenger Agent, Atlanta.

FOOTE'S TRUNK FACTORY,

17 E. Alabama St.

Do you need a trunk, valise or pocket book? Call on us. Selling at your price. Phone No. 226. Trunk repairing.

Baseball and Tennis.

Balls, bats, mits, masks, home plates, tennis rackets, nets and balls, all at greatly reduced prices to close out at.

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Standing of the Clubs.

Owing to the near end of the league the Junior prints this week only the standing of a few of the highest teams—only those whom the fight for the pennant is between.

Clubs—	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Per Ct.
West Atlanta Grays	12	11	2	.846
South Side Tigers	14	11	3	.783
North Side Victors	10	3	7	.300

Clubs—	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Per Ct.
Southside Tigers, Jr.	11	0	11	1.000
Rock Hills	9	1	8	.111
Humming Birds	9	8	1	.888
Prior St. Juniors	9	8	1	.888
Ponce de Leon Stars	6	5	1	.833
West End Crescents	8	7	1	.875

Three Game Schedule.

The schedule in the little division, where three games will be played this week, is as follows:

On Tuesday morning the Tigers, Jr., will play the Humming Birds on the latter's grounds, and on Wednesday the same teams will play on the Tigers' grounds. Saturday the Tigers play the West End Crescents on the Tigers' grounds and the Humming Birds play the Prior Street Juniors on the former's grounds.

The West End Crescents play the Prior Street Juniors on Tuesday and Wednesday, the final game on the Crescents grounds and the second on the Juniors'.

The Rock Hills play the Boulevard Sluggers three straight games—the two first on Tuesday and Wednesday to be played on the Rock Hills' grounds, and the last on Saturday to be played on the Sluggers' grounds.

The Forrest Avenue Stars and the Ponce de Leon Stars play three straight games, the first two on Tuesday and Wednesday, to be on the Ponce de Leon grounds, corner of Fort and East Baker streets, and the last on the Forrest Avenue Stars' grounds.

This being the last schedule in this division it is hoped that each team will show up all three of the times.

In the Big Division.

The schedule for this week in the big division is as follows:

The Southside Tigers v. the Northside Victors on the Victors' ground.

The West Atlanta Grays v. the Opera House Clippers on the Grays' grounds.

The West Atlanta Grays won from the Opera House Clippers with ease last Wednesday. The batteries for the Grays were Lynch and McElhaney. The score by innings was as follows:

Grays	0	0	7	2	0	0	2	2	0	0	15
Clippers	2	0	0	0	2	2	0	0	0	4	1

A game of ball was played Wednesday between the West Atlanta Grays and a scrub team of the third ward. The scrubs won by a score of 11 to 8.

The feature of the game was the batting of Adams, Martin and Seymour for the Grays. "Little Walker" made some pretty catches on third for the Grays. Knox muffed three nice flies in left for the scrubs. Adams pitched a magnificent game. Only seven innings were played. Umpires, McWaters and Kowen. Time of game, about two hours.

There was a very tiresome game of ball played Saturday, July 4th, between the



MARION HOOD,
Captain of the Rock Hills.

North Side Victors and the Crescents, in which the Crescents were defeated by the score of 28 to 15.

The feature of the game was the batting of the Victors. McClellan knocked three home runs on the Victors' side. Score by innings—

Victors	6	6	1	7	0	6	1	0	1	28
Crescents	1	0	2	2	1	2	3	3	1	15

Among the catchers in the little division that have made good records behind the bat are Avery, of the Tigers, Jr., and McMillan, of the Rock Hills. Both are good catchers.

Finley and Thompson take it time about pitching for the Tigers, Jr., and they make it hot for any team they go against. Finley has a good record for striking out men.

Hall, of the Rock Hills, and Hicks, of the Prior Street Juniors, are good pitchers and rarely lose a game when given good support.

Tupper, the right field player of the

Tiger, Juniors, is a good player and deserves the reputation he has.

The Tigers, Junior, have good players in Dorsey, the shortstop, and Thibedeau, the third baseman.

The West End Crescents defeated the Buttermills last week by a score of 15 to 4.

Laftie catches Winningham to the queen's taste. He is in the game all the time and it never lags with him.

The Grays have signed Pridgean to play first base.

Will Newman is an excellent player in left field.

Charles Elsworth, the captain of the

A GROUP OF YOUNG GIRL RIDERS.



Daisy Holliday.
Edna McCandless.

Bell Nash.

Mary Lou Jackson.
Lucille Atkinson.

West Atlanta Grays, is one of the best ball players for his size in the league.

The Victors have a good all-round ball player in the person of Thomas.

Walter Lynch has as good a record as any catcher in the league.

Guy Meyers now holds third base for the Opera House Clippers.

John Cokey is now chasing ball in left field for the South Side Tigers.

Churchill has been released by the Grays.

Fred Allen has signed with the Grays to play shortstop.

Ollie Eaves is playing left field for the Grays.

Kennedy was hurt in the first game with the Clippers, but is all right now. Old Veteran Howell is still at third base and is doing fine work and his batting is increasing.

Watts is playing first base for the Grays, and Elsworth, who has been playing short, is at second base for the Grays.

Lynch is considered by some to be the best catcher in the league. He never fails to get his two or three-base hits, and they come in good time.

A Sham Battle.

There was a pleasant and delightful evening spent on July 4th at Mrs. May's residence on Spring street. The amusement was a sham battle, representing the bombardment of Fort Sumter. It was very exciting and delighted the many people present. Those who took part on the southern side were: General Hottel, commander-in-chief; Fielding Smith, Francis Smith, Warren Mays and Glascock Mays, Whiteford Mays and Eugene Call. On the northern side: General Debility, commander-in-chief; C. P. Wilcox, Edward Cay, Marion Richardson, Edmund Russell and Allen Morris.

The bombardment began promptly at 9 p. m. By 8:30 o'clock the chairs were nearly filled; by the time it began there was not a vacant chair. Before the bombardment began there were a few explosive fireworks and a big wheel set off. Then the northerners were in possession of the fort and after an hour of fighting with pistols, guns, roman candles and skyrockets, surrendered the fort to the southern army. The southerners then marched into the fort and blew it up with bombs and the battle was over. Much credit is due Mr. C. P. Wilcox, who got up the entertainment. Those present were: Misses Thomas, Sutherland, Russell, Richardson, English, Annie Cay, Helen Cay, Mr. and Mrs. Morris, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Read, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Fort, Mrs. J. J. Russell, Mrs. W. D. Russell, Mrs. Mays, Mrs. English, Mr. John C. Cay, Mr. Calvin Holmes, Mr. G. Russell, Master Charley Smith, Master Herbert Read, Master Eugene Cay and Master W. S. Mays.

A Fish Story.

From The New York Mail and Express.
Many queer things happen in Kentucky. James Gatewood, of Coral Hill, was crossing Beaver creek at the present rise, when he saw a huge buffalo fish lying on the top of the water. He slipped one hand into its gills to draw it ashore, but the fish gave a flounce and drew him into the water. Then he could not get his hand out and the fish towed him around until he was nearly drowned. Finally, however, he managed to get a foothold and landed the fish. It weighed 132 pounds, but Mr. Gatewood declares he is done with that kind of fishing.

JUNIOR RACES TO BE HELD SOON.

An Event of Much Interest to the Young Bicycle Riders to Be Pulled Off Next Week.

Every boy rider in Atlanta under 16 years old should enter The Junior race, soon to be given.

Get into condition. Begin training at once, as the race is to be pulled off within the next month. The date has not been definitely fixed, but the race is sure to come off.

Every one remembers the big Junior race held about this time last year, and its great success. The race that is to be held in the next few weeks will be even a greater thing. More prizes will be given, and we hope to have more boys in the race.

The race will be run over Brookwood course, from 14th street out. There will be several events with handsome first and second prizes. Boys from all through the

entered at Columbus in May, is Spier's old rival. They have been riding against each other for several years up to this year Spier has always won from Walthour.

"Can you beat Walthour?"

"I can't do it at present, for I am out of condition. But I have beat him every time I went into a race with him and, as I said, I am riding faster this year than ever before."

"What do you think of the races Walthour won in Columbus and Montgomery?"

"I expected him to win all he went into at Columbus. He went up against a crowd of fellows who were never known outside of their town. It did not take any fast riding for Walthour to win in Columbus."

"I don't say that I can beat Walthour, but I am willing to race him any distance under five miles. I will say this much, that I beat, last year in Nashville, the men who are beating Walthour there now. He lost from several riders that I won from in '95."

"I don't want to become a professional," explained Spier, "but if Walthour is anxious to race me I will go into his class to race with him. I am an amateur and have a good field to work in, but if Walthour is anxious to beat me I will enter his class and race with him."

Walthour is now racing in the professional class and to go up against him Spier would have to become a professional also.

The Junior is going to try to get up a race between these two on the day that The Junior races are to be held.

They will put up one of the fastest races ever seen in this city, as they are the fastest boys in this section of the country.

L. L. H.

Coasting the Thing.

Coasting is becoming eminently popular. From everywhere come reports that the pastime is almost universal. This is a new advent for the cyclist. A few years ago hill climbing contests were popular, but they have been dropped and down, instead of up the hill, is the way the contests are now run.

In several of the big cities coasting contests have been held with great success. The dealers have taken greatly to this idea as it proves conclusively which is the easiest running wheel.

Coasting is a good thing in many ways. It teaches the rider to keep his wheel in good condition and the bearings clean. Some riders do not take their wheels apart from the beginning to the end of the season. The cyclist who takes pride in his wheel and who likes to be known as the fastest coaster will find it to his advantage.

Out Peachtree street is a remarkable good road for coasting. A rider can start at Cain street and coast out to Pine without touching his pedals if his wheel is in good condition.

The coasting contest will soon invade this section and become popular. On a road that is not too slanting the young ladies can enter the contest, which will make it an ideal sport.

In the Wheelman's Way.

There came near being a serious smash up on Peachtree street a few nights ago. Two boys ran into each other, both going at a good pace. While neither was hurt very badly, the wheels will have to be sent to the repair shops.

The cause of the accident was because one of the boys was coming up the asphalt on the wrong side. Observe the following simple rules of the road and all accidents will be avoided:

In passing a rider or person go to the left; in meeting always keep to the right.

John H. Witts broke the world's long distance record last week by riding 3,500 miles—from San Francisco to New York—in forty-one days. He went the entire distance without a single repair. This breaks the record by seven days.

The world's record for one mile unpaced is held by W. W. Hamilton. Time, 2:39.3-5. The world's record for two miles is held by the same person. Time, 3:59.4-5. This is fourteen seconds faster than Zimmerman rides it.

A. A. Hausen is the holder of three world's records on the board track. Time for half mile, 1:01.2-5; ten miles, 25:18; twenty-five miles, 1:02.32. These were all competition races.

One of the fastest young riders in the city is Dan McCleskey. He is seen on the Peachtree road nearly every good afternoon and while he is only a boy about fourteen, it takes the fastest of the older riders to show him a rear wheel.

The Junior presents this week a group out of five of the most prominent young lady riders in the city. The cut was made from an old photograph, but will be recognized by the names under them.

The Junior wants to give a bicycle party to the young lady riders at an early date. How many nice girls in the city would attend? Next week there will be a full article about it.

Among the young riders who are seen every day on the asphalt young Clinton Brackett is a familiar wheelman. He has a light wheel and knows how to ride well.

Lawson Peel is one of the most graceful little riders in the city. He has a good dom spurt, yet he can hold his own with the average boy who comes his way.

Ben Steele rides a boy's wheel as fast as a great many of them. He has been riding over a year and says he knows a machine throughout.

Cam Dorsey, of the south side, gave promise last year of being a very fast man. He is doing very little riding this year on account of baseball.

Joe Gatins is another youngster from the south side who has baseball on the brain and who has done very little riding on his bike so far this year. The league closes in a few days and we hope to see these promising young men on the track.

Bob Hemphill is not doing any riding to amount to anything this year. Last summer he was in the Junior race and came out a good third. He could be a winning man in the coming race if he would only go on the track and get into condition.

state will enter these races, as the prizes that are to be given will be handsome enough to bring the out-of-town riders to the city.

Let all of the boys out of the city who wish to enter the race send in their names with their ages and where they have ridden.



"SHE RIDES EVERY DAY."

den. We hope to see the greatest Junior amateur meet ever held in the south take place. The Junior will offer handsome prizes and the local dealers will go in for many prizes.

A ride out Peachtree one afternoon will convince a person that there are more fast young riders in Atlanta than probably in any city in the south. From 14th street out to the Thompson residence is one of the best race tracks in the state, and the fast riders are seen going over this course every good evening during the week.

Out of the many riders that are seen spurring over the race course, surely there can be found fifty boys who will enter the race.

Begin training at once for The Junior race. It is surely coming off and within a few weeks. Next week the exact date and some of the prizes will be announced.

The bicycle dealers in the city have consented to go in and make the race a success. It will be strictly for boys under sixteen years old, and no others will be allowed to enter. Good handicappers will be secured.

There will be several races, from five miles down to the half. Go out and ride over the course and make yourself familiar with the best racing territory. A crowd is always going over the track and any boy can find pace makers out any evening.

The only thing that can be said at present is for the boys to begin training at once. The race will come off and with many handsome prizes to go to the winners.

The Junior promised to give to the readers of the Constitution a list of the riders for this week. I found the fast young rider of the Peachtree road one day last week and had several minutes conversation with him.

Spier said he didn't have anything to say for publication. However, he said a thing or two. When asked where he had been and why he has not been riding, he said:

"Several weeks ago I was thrown from my wheel and had my shoulder dislocated and have been in bed since that time. I have just got so I can ride and, as you see, I am out on the track."

"How are you riding this year?" was asked.

"Better than ever before. I was a great deal faster before I received the fall than ever before in my life. I was in good condition for the Pigott road race and think my chances for winning were good. Of course, you see I am handicapped by my collarbone being broken. I am all out of condition at present and it will take me some time before I can ride as fast as I was riding before I was hurt."

Bob Walthour, who won everything he

THE CONSTITUTION, JR.

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FOR THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF THE
YOUNG READERS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

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of the Daily Constitution.

All Letters and Communications Intended
for this Issue Must be Addressed to The
Constitution, Jr.

ATLANTA, GA., July 12, 1896.

Young Atlanta!

Jay Youngblood, a correspondent for The Junior, discusses in this issue a theme which some people may be disposed to call humorous. The Junior's bright writer talks of politics among the young folks. The writer of the article himself is a politician, though he has not as yet passed half of his teens.

In an editorial two or three months ago The Junior made mention of the great learning of that wonderful sphere which we called "Young Atlanta"—that sphere wherein The Junior circulates. At that time we called attention to the great subjects that young Atlanta talked of and held debates upon in their divers debating societies. The Junior Debating Club, where a goodly number of the population of young Atlanta are enlisted, has at one of their meetings fully settled the great financial question, and only the next week lent the Demosthenean powers of their oratory to letting light in upon the Cuban question. And thus young Atlanta goes on meeting and disposing of the weighty questions of the day, just they might have something to occupy their young minds.

When a question arises that will for one moment befuddle young Atlanta, that question must be settled by a conference of the nations of the world, or forever be left to grope in the dark.

The Closing of the League.

This week the teams in the little division will play their last games for this season. The large division will continue to play throughout next week. This action has been definitely decided upon by the president after hearing from all the league clubs.

As this week ends the season in the small division there will be three games played by all the small division teams. So to see where and with whom the three games are to be played the players should read the schedule carefully and see where they are to play.

The pennant in the little division lies between the South Side Tigers, Junior, and the Rock Hills. The Tigers are leading now, and, to make the prediction which The Junior has refrained from doing up until the present time, it looks very much like this famous little club of the south side will land the much coveted pennant of '96.

And if they win it how well will they deserve it. At the present time this team stands with a percentage of 1,000. Throughout their career in the league they have played fair ball and have treated all teams against whom they were scheduled with most perfect courtesy.

It is by no favored chance; it is not the work or guidance of any luck-giving star, that those boys who call themselves the Tigers (which term is the highest class of the hyperboles) are now standing at the very top notch in the Junior League. Better say, it is by the most skillful management of the players collectively and the unequalled playing of each player individually. Better still say it is by their strong and unfaltering determination to come out of the present season with a record surpassing the record of any other team.

Next week The Junior will contain, among its other interesting baseball features, the pictures of the winning team in the little division and pictures of other players.

As to the big division, which closes one week from next Saturday, there is still doubt as to what club will win the pennant. Certain it is that the big Tigers, who have led until last week, stand a good chance for winning. But, then, the Grays, of the west side, are ahead in the percentage now and they will give the Tigers a close race if they do not win the pennant from them.

Each team have played exactly the same number of games, but the Tigers have lost one more than the Grays. Next week, however, will tell who the winner is.

Politics Among the Young Folks.

In this day of great political disturbances while the battle of ballots is carried on with as much energy as if it were a battle of the sword, it would indeed be strange if the infection should fail to extend to the younger classes. On last Friday while Bryan and Bland were running for the democratic nomination at Chicago, the bulletin board at The Constitution office was crowded with men and boys. The old stagers would frequently smile when their younger and more ardent companions would utter an enthusiastic exclamation for the candidate of their choice. One young man who seemed to have re-

cently donned his long trousers remarked in a very animated tone: "I hope Boies will be elected," while many more such expressions were uttered in quick succession. Bryan and Bland were well represented by the boy politicians among the spectators and dire was the defeat predicted for the party in November unless the speaker's candidate should be selected by those men at Chicago to bear the flag of democracy. When at last it was announced that Bryan had swept the field, the crowds appeared very well satisfied and dispersed in a jolly good humor. The wearing of campaign buttons has recently developed into quite a fad among the boys and many are the coat lapels decorated in this manner. Stiles Hopkins and Jewett Burden wear buttons with the mysterious phrase "sound money" engraved thereon; but of course this means, as plain as can be, "silver money." Robert Hemphill and Milton Smith are rarely seen without their button declarations of "Free Silver," while many more of their associates heartily concur in this opinion. The Tillman pitchfork is also another very forcible sign of the wearers of free silver convictions and a great many boys wear it.

JAY YOUNGBLOOD.

The Youngest Author in America.

The youngest author in the United States, and probably in the world, is little Myra Bradwell Helmer, of Chicago.

This little six-year-old maiden has produced the most captivating book imaginable, and her grandfather, Judge James B. Bradwell, has turned publisher for her. Little Myra is much too old for her years. She is constantly wrestling with problems that have baffled the keenest intellects. Her conversation is a curious mixture of grown-up expressions and phrases peculiar to a child.

The book by the young author is a personification of her dear little self, and contains six stories, the sum of the author's years. It is bound in a small, dainty cov-



MYRA BRADWELL HELMER.

er, and is regarded as one of the prettiest pieces of work turned out by the binders. The colors of the lid are crimson, brightened with gold.

The little girl is too young by many years to write, so her mother took down her stories as they came from her lips with alterations only at the little one's suggestion.

She dictated the preface of her little book in these words:

"I am a little girl six years old. Grandpa, papa and mamma give me money, and sometimes I put some of it in the glass globes down town for sick babies, but I never earn money myself, so I thought I would make a book. I talked it, and mamma wrote it down just as I talked it. Grandpa said he would have it printed, and take his pay out in kisses. I'm going to take one dollar out of my money and give it for the monument to Eugene Field. All the rest is for orphans and sick babies. The book is 25 cents. I hope I will make a lot of money for the orphans."

The generous wish is being granted, for though the book has just been issued, she has received over two hundred dollars for her solicitude.

The book contains four pictures of the little author, the most fascinating is the one where she is clasped in her grandfather's arms, with her monny face nestled against the snowy beard. Underneath is the significant inscription: "The author and her publisher."

The Strongest Boy in America.

In all probability the strongest boy in America today is Armando Manrara, of New York. He attends the public schools of that city, and is conceded the strongest boy in America.

Manrara is eighteen years old, and up to about five years ago he was sickly and had very little strength. At that time he began training in the gymnasium, and after two years of regular work, his strength began to grow rapidly.

He has developed into an all-round athlete in the last few years, and has held the record of Columbia, Manrara's school, for three years.

Manrara's chest measurement in natural position is thirty-seven inches, and when inflated measures forty-two inches. His biceps measures fifteen inches, forearms, thirteen and a half inches; calf, sixteen inches; wrists, seven inches; thighs twenty-three inches; waist twenty-nine and a half inches and neck fifteen inches. He stands five feet five inches in his stocking feet, and weighs 156 pounds stripped. These developments are considered marvelous for a youngster, and when fully matured Manrara will be one of the strongest men of the day. His back is a mass of muscles.

A Pig and a Lamb.

From Exchange.
A pig will awaken the neighbors with his squeal when fast, but a lamb will lie still and die. Often they crawl off into some hole to rest, and have not enough sense to find their way back again, and there they soon chill and die, when very young. They need care in numberless ways.

The House That Jack Built

A Mule for a Partner and What Came of It.

A TRUE STORY.

By Ida M. Tarbell.

The house that Jack built is still standing, for this is a true story as any one will find who will read the records of the county of Belmont in the state of Ohio, where it is written almost as I have told it.

Jake Heatherington was an English miner's boy. Indeed, he might have been called a miner himself, for from the day he was seven years old he had spent sixteen hours out of every twenty-four deep down in a coal mine, never going to school rarely seeing the sunshine. Jake did not mind. His father did the same, so did all the men and boys he knew and probably he would have gone on to the end of his life thinking and caring very little about a life above ground if, when he was about fourteen years old, his father had not decided to move to America.

As this was nearly seventy years ago the journey across the Atlantic was very long. For the first time since a little child Jake knew what a beautiful thing it is to be all day in the sun and air, to watch the birds and the sea. When he reached America there came a long trip by wagon and flat-boat to his new home on the Ohio river, where Jake's father had been told there was coal lying almost on top of the ground and where instead of having to delve down thousands of feet as they did in England, the miners simply dug straight into a hillside and brought out the mineral on wheelbarrows. To Jake this kind of work was play, and for six or seven years he labored happily with his father. But while Jake worked he was thinking. He was earning good wages but why go on all his life simply earning wages, why not have a mine of his own. As soon as this idea came into his head he began to save. When he was about twenty-three years old he had enough money to make a first payment on eight acres of coal land and to buy his own wheelbarrow and tools. Then he went to work for himself wheeling out his coal alone and taking it down to the river bank, where he sold it by the barrel to the steamers which went up and down. This went on for some time, Jake regularly making his payments on his land and every week putting by a bit extra. He was saving now for another purpose though nobody knew just what until he returned one day from a short trip with a partner.

He introduced his companion as Jack, he drove his coal down to the wharf in a new cart to which Jack was hitched, he was the proudest man on the river.

He had a right to be proud of his new partner. Jack was the sturdiest little mule in the Ohio valley. He was only three and a half feet high but he was as stout as oak and Jake himself hadn't more pluck. There was no load so heavy that Jack wouldn't do his best to draw it; there was never a hill he wouldn't pull up it; and as for being afraid of whistles and noise and crowds Jack simply gloried in them and always pushed into the thickest of every din. Jake had been all his life a lonely fellow and every day that he worked with Jack he became happier. He fell into the habit of talking aloud to him as they went about, telling him how much coal they had taken out today and what they had sold it for and he confided to him all his future plans. At night when the work was done Jake always smoked his pipe near Jack and planned the next day. As for the mule his affection for the man was something unheard of. It was only necessary to watch Jack's ears when Jake was near to know that his whole soul was wrapped up in his master. So devoted was he that he brayed with grief if Jake attempted to drive another animal and if any one on the premises dared to attempt to harness or drive him he kicked and barked until the intruder was glad to give up the task. Every time that Jack saw his partner kick over a man who attempted to use him, he confessed that it made him love Jack better. This was Jack's way of showing his affection he said.

Jake and Jack had not been in business together long before it was evident that they were making a great deal of money. In an amazingly short time Jake paid the last dollar on his eight acres and was able to buy a much larger piece of coal land. "It's all because of you, Jack," he said to the mule, putting his arms around his you as has done it. It'll be the house that Jack built an' nothin' else."

The house was begun and during the months it was building Jack went every day to see it. Often his friends and rich visitors went with him and always he said, "Yes, sir, it's a fine 'un, but the credit is all to Jack built it." and so all up and down the river the new home came to be known, greatly to Jake's joy, as the "house that Jack built." But Jake was not satisfied with having his partner's name attached to his home; he wanted his dear face and tender eyes and great sympathetic ears in it, and so he had a splendid head of the mule carved in stone and put up as a keystone to the fine arched portal. Then he was content.

When at last the house was done Jake refused to take any one through it until after his partner had seen it. He made a great fete on the lawn and invited all of his neighbors. Then in the presence of them all he led Jack from his stable across the lawn up the steps into the new house. From room to room went the two old friends. Jake leading the way and explaining lovingly all the conveniences and luxuries which henceforth he and his family were to enjoy. He always declared that Jack understood and enjoyed it all and neck, "I never could 'a done it without you." His business grew so fast now that

he began to hire men, and to buy other mules, and even to send coal down the river on his own flat boats. Men looked on in astonishment at the way he grew rich, and when they spoke to him about it he would say modestly, "Yes, Jack and me's doing pretty good."

About five years after the partnership was formed Jake and Jack concluded they'd buy a third piece of land. It was a big piece which had never been opened, but they felt sure there was coal there and so it proved—thousands upon thousands of tons of the richest, blackest coal that any one had ever seen on the Ohio river. The firm had made their fortune, but they never slackened their speed. To be sure Jake dropped his pick and shovel for now he had to superintend men and build houses and wharves and steamers. Jack, too, no longer drew loads of coal, his one and only load was Jake. They had bought the finest little cart that had ever been seen in the valley and together trotted from mine to mine and from wharf to wharf looking after their business and as they rode Jake counted up in a loud voice to Jack their earnings. This he found very convenient, for he could no more read and write and cipher than the mule. It helped him greatly to add up aloud to Jack, he said.

As the firm grew richer and richer Jake found that people treated him with a respect which sometimes was very troublesome. From New Orleans and Pittsburgh and Cincinnati and even from New York came bankers and steamboat builders and capitalists and tried to persuade him to invest his money in their enterprise. "I'll have to talk it over with Jack," he always said and though the men did not always know who Jack was, they had to wait until the partners had had a ride together and thought the matter over. It was wonderful how few mistakes they made in spite of all the flattery and persuasion of the fine gentlemen from the cities. The truth was Jake and Jack both had a great deal of good sense and when they made up their minds nothing could budge them. Of course, as he was so rich Jake's neighbors thought he ought to marry and so he did at last. He was very fond of his wife and bought her gowns and jewels, but Jack had his heart. Everybody said that, even Mrs. Jake herself.

After the two had been in partnership about twenty-five years Jake concluded to build a house. As he was the richest man in the valley he decided he must have the finest house, but before he had said anything to his wife about his project he told his partner. "It's you as has done it, Jack," he said, tears of gratitude in his eyes. "It's long after he told how the mule rubbed his nose against the fine wood work and peered into all the closets and kicked up his heels at the mirrors and cantered around the great drawing room and actually bounded up the broad staircase three steps at a time. "No one ever appreciated this house like Jack," declared Jake.

When the house was built Jack was already old for a mule. He was thirty, in fact, but happily he still had a long term of years before him. No prince ever received more homage and lived in greater comfort than did he in his last days. Jake himself cared for him; the whole community petted him, and often visitors from far away came to look on his white hairs. At last when he was forty years and ten days old Jack died. His death was the one great sorrow of Jake's life. The man buried his old friend under a favorite tree, and often he went there to sit by his grave. Every visitor was taken out to see the spot and to hear the tale of Jack's honorable life.

Kentucky's Names.

Kentucky is known as the Corn Cracker State, from a game bird enjoying the same name which was formerly found in great abundance in most parts of the state. It is also called the Blue Grass State, from the belt of land running through the center in which this variety of grass grows to great perfection. In the early days of our history it was known as the Dark and Bloody Ground, being so termed by the Indians. It was then a debatable land between the Indians living north of the Ohio and those living in the mountains of Tennessee and Georgia, a sort of battle ground for these tribes, which fact gave it the name long before it was settled by the whites.

A Child's Question.

James Payn tells of an amusing question put to him seriously by a little boy of his own. The family were being driven out of their London house to make way for the painters, cleaners and whitewashers. "Papa," said the child, "who are the angels, been turning the matter over in his own little head, 'where do the people in heaven go when the spring cleaning begins there?'" The problem was too perplexing even for Mr. Payn.

Strange Marriage Custom.

A curious custom exists among the Mennonites who are settled in Manitoba. When a young man and woman desire to become engaged the lover remains in the home of the father of the intended bride for a few weeks before the marriage takes place. The object is that each of the contracting parties may become more fully acquainted with the character and disposition of the other while there is yet time to escape from what might prove an uncongenial alliance. Among Canadian lovers the lady is only seen when she is dressed for display and is practicing her best behavior. The lover also, during the brief visits that are made, has an opportunity to conceal much of his real character, and both are sometimes disappointed and deceived.

"FIDELLO,"

THE DOGE'S PAGE.

A Boys and Girls' Story of Old Venice.

By T. C. HARBAUGH.

It was at the close of what had been a fine Venetian day in the heart of the fourteenth century—the 10th of April, 1386—to be precise—when one of the many gates of the ducal palace opened and a boy came out and halted on the grand staircase which overlooked the grand canal.

Venice at the time was in the height of her glory, and in consequence of a late victory won over a foreign foe by her soldiers, the vast city was filled with rejoicings.

The boy on the staircase told by his rich dress that he was connected with the doge's household, as, indeed, he was, being a page in attendance on the doge himself. In figure he was slender but graceful; his rich chestnut locks hung to his shapely shoulders and lay on his velvet collar as lightly as flakes of snow.

He wore about his waist a rich red sash, the ends of which were fringed with gold braid, and in the belt itself was to be seen a little dagger more for play than use with its ivory hilt tipped with a pearl from the ducal treasury.

The boy seemed to be absorbed in the gay scenes which met his gaze as he took in the gondolas that swept the bosom of the Grand canal. He leaned against the marble sides of the staircase and watched the many boats that swept along, singling out now and then one whose owner he knew by sight.

The staircase led down to the water and after a while the little page moved lower where he could watch the craft from a better vantage ground.

On the very last step which was cast in shadow the boy page beheld the figure of a crouching boy.

The little fellow was poorly clad, his garments betokening his poverty, and Fido, the doge's page, knew at once that he belonged to the great body of fisher folk that swarmed in nearly every quarter of the city.

"Who art thou, boy?" asked the page, stooping and looking into the thin face of the outcast. "I am Fido, page to the Doge Marino and thou—"

"I am Andreello, the child of the fisher Paulo. I was thrown from a gondola on which I was stealing a ride a while ago and I did not know it was wrong to rest on the staircase of the ducal palace."

"Not wrong in my eyes, boy, but in those of the authorities it is sacrilege. But stay! you shall rest elsewhere. I would like to hear of the city beyond the walls of the palace in which I am caged like a bird. Come. Let us go back. I have a room, as pretty a little place as your eyes have ever seen, and, then, I will show you the golden lion and—"

"It is too much—too much!" broke in Andreello. "We poor people dare not look at the beauties of San Marco without expecting to feel the hand of the law."

"Nonsense!" cried Fido, laughing. "I will show you what is beyond the walls of the ducal palace for the doge is absent tonight—he has gone to the council."

Fido dragged the half resting boy up the wide staircase and opened the door by which he had come out upon the steps of polished marble.

First he took Andreello to his own little apartments which were, in fact, a miniature palace.

"You never get tired of this, do you?" cried Andreello.

"Sometimes I would sooner mend nets than live here," answered Fido.

"When you are ready to mend them I will teach you and then I will come here and live among all this splendor."

It was late when the two boys came back to Fido's apartments.

He went to the ducal kitchen and brought back some viands on which Andreello feasted, watched all the time by Fido, and when the guest was through, he looked wistfully at the silken couch of the little page as if he would like to try it for a night.

Interpreting the glance, Fido proposed that he should rest in the room till morning, saying that he need not go back to the nets till then, and Andreello, throwing his jacket across the room, took possession of the bed much to the page's amusement.

Tired as the fisher boy was he soon fell asleep and after watching him a while, Fido went to his last duties for the night. He would have to attend the doge on his return from the council, and while he waited in his chair in the grand hall he fell asleep.

The doge came back with disturbed countenance, and seeing Fido sleeping in his chair, he looked at him a moment and then stole the pearl-hilted dagger which he carried off without arousing its owner. Falleri Marino was an old man at this time.

Past seventy, his hair was white, but his form was as stately as a doge's should be, and he had added to the glories of Venice, even in his old age.

But there was about him that night a look of uneasiness. For some time rumors of a conspiracy against the republic had floated about, and the finger of suspicion had been directed against the ducal palace itself.

Fido slept on and when he awoke he wondered why the doge had not returned, for he was not aware that the hand of his master has despoiled him of the dagger.

It was past time for the ruler of Venice to come back, and, fearing that he had neglected his duty while asleep, Fido sprang up and ran down the marble corridors.

He listened at the door of the doge's chamber and heard the full, sonorous breathings of a sleeping man.

Filled with fear, he turned back and sought his own room. He would enter and throw himself gently down beside

Andreello; but the moment he opened the door he stopped and stared at the bed.

The doge's jacket lay where he had cast it, while its owner was not to be seen.

"Where can he be?" cried Fido. "Surely I left him asleep in my chamber, and he does not know the intricacies of the ducal palace. What if the guards should find him among the shadows of the corridors? They would make short work of Andreello and the nets would never see him again."



"You shall not touch the Doge's page," he exclaimed.

He fled from the room and pausing a moment to think which way the fisher boy might have gone, he ran off and opened a door which was always kept locked as it led to the underground apartments of the palace and then to the river.

Vainly did Fido search the winding ways of the dark palace of the doge. He looked everywhere for his guest, now and then stopping long enough to listen in certain corridors in which he dared not speak above a whisper for fear of rousing the guards who watched that part of the doge's stronghold.

"He can't be in the lion room," said the boy to himself. "But there is no telling whither he has gone."

He found his way to one of the strongest rooms in the great palace and opened a door which taxed all his strength.

This was the lion room, so called by the statue of a lion in bronze, the four parts of which stood at one of the walls while the rest of the animal seemed to be within the wall itself.

Fido had seen this monster lion a thousand times, but he did not know the secret connected with it; and as he entered the chamber he turned toward the wall where the statue was.

All at once a bright light dazzled him as he fell against the wall alongside the lion's head he heard a strange noise and the next moment to his horror saw the lion's mouth open.

As the monster was three times as large as the largest lion Fido had ever seen at the ducal shows, he could only stare in wonder at the mechanism and his wonder was increased when he saw Andreello, the fisher boy, drop from the mouth and stand for a moment on the mosaic floor of the chamber.

Andreello had stepped from the lion's head, and the moment he touched the floor the mouth closed, shutting off the light which had dazzled the doge's page.

Then he heard the footsteps of the fisher boy in the dark as he quitted the place and with steps as stealthy he followed him.

Andreello went back to the boy's sleeping apartments and threw himself upon the couch which he had left some time before.

"The boy is a spy against my master, the doge," thought the little page. "He may be a fisher, but he knows as much about the ducal palace as he does about mending nets. Shall I rouse my master? Tomorrow I will see that Andreello no longer betrays my hospitality. He belongs to the conspirators against the doge. I know he does."

He slipped to the bed and lay down beside Andreello. In a short time he was asleep and when he awoke the sun was brightening the walls of the palaces of Venice and Andreello was stretching himself for the day.

All at once the noise of feet smote the ears of the two boys.

Fido, who never heard such sounds at that hour in the ducal palace, sprang up and ran to the door.

It was burst in as he touched the knob and half a dozen soldiers in armor and

armed with swords drawn entered the room.

"Down with the doge!" they cried as the terrified boys fell back. "Falleri is a traitor to the republic! Death to him and his retinue!"

The swords flashed in the faces of the two boys and the foremost soldiers rushed their blades against Fido's bosom, when the hand of Andreello pushed them back, and the fisher boy planted himself between the page and the weapons.

"You shall not!" said he as he resolutely faced the armed men. "I stand between you and Fido. You shall not kill the boy because he is the doge's page."

The swords were lowered and the men caught hold of the boys, who were borne across the halls and thence down a flight of steps to a dungeon.

"We will send for you when you are wanted," cried the soldiers as they turned away, and the next moment a key grated in a lock and the boys knew that they were prisoners in one of the storied dungeons of the old palace.

For a little while they stood in the dark and then the hand of Fido, stealing out, fell upon the arm of his companion. The fisher boy drew close and put his arms around the page's neck, letting his own

In another moment there came a pounding on the door and as the boys listened they heard the boisterous words of the excited soldiers.

The palace was in the hands of the doge's enemies, and as the great iron door swung back some one called, "Andreello," and the lantern at the threshold showered its light upon the little prisoners.

In an instant Andreello caught Fido's arm and dragged him toward the light, when one of the men shouted:

"We don't want the page. We are here for you, Andreello, the faithful."

"We go out together," was the quick retort. "Andreello Gargani will not desert Fido, whom he has betrayed."

"Bring away both, then," said a voice at the other end of the corridor, and as the boys stepped out they were surrounded by a lot of halberdiers and were marched to the great audience chamber in the bowels of the palace.

Everywhere they saw evidences that the doge was a prisoner of the men he had lately ruled.

The whole palace was under guard and halberdiers stood like statues in every corridor.

As the door of the great chamber was thrown open Fido caught a glimpse of the people assembled therein, and saw the old doge in chains standing at the foot of the ducal throne.

All at once the voice of a man who stood on the ducal throne rang out above the whispering going on when the boys were led into the room:

"Lead Fido, the page, forward."

One of the soldiers disengaged Andreello's arm from the boy page's waist and led him toward the throne.

"What sayest thou about thy master's friends?" asked the man on the ducal throne. "Thou hast seen them in the palace at the dead of night. Who were they, boy?"

Little Fido, thus called upon to betray the doge, turned pale and spoke not. He had seen strange things within the walls of the grand palace. He had seen men enter it at the hour of midnight, coming in at the secret gate with a password which savored of treason to the republic. He had seen dark shadows pass toward the doge's private apartments, had watched the door till it opened to let them out again, and had followed them back to the underground corridors of the palace, where they had vanished among the secret waterways.

This could have but one meaning in the light of the doge's arrest for treason. After all Falleri must be a traitor to Venice; there could be but one side to all these doings; and little Fido, in the presence of the heartless enemies of the conspirator, knew that his words would doom the white-haired old man whom he loved.

Yet, he despised a traitor. His father had taught him to look upon treason as the sum total of all that was wicked and unjust. He had imbibed love of country at his mother's knee, and above all things he loved Venice, the bride of the Adriatic, his home and his adoration.

The stern persecutors of the traitor doge did not give him much time for reflection.

"The boy knows, and the boy must tell," rang out once more the voice of the man on the ducal steps.

Fido cast one glance at the old man in the hands of his bitter foes.

He saw that Falleri, the doge, no longer looked at him, but had turned his face away, as if ashamed to look him in the eye.

A man clad in armor crossed the space before the throne and turned full upon the boy. Fido knew him; he was a guard who had served the doge, and he saw not that he had been in the watchers' pay and that he was against his master.

"Strip the boy of his rank," thundered the man on the throne. "He shall not wear the badge of the Falleri if he persists in holding his tongue."

Little Fido drew back with a show of shame at the threatened disgrace. He threw his hand toward his belt and discovered for the first time that the dagger was not there.

As he colored he caught the old doge's eye, and the prisoner seemed about to speak; but he held his tongue.

A heavy hand now fell upon the boy page's shoulder. It was the gauntlet of the man commanded to rob him of the rank of page.

Fido recoiled with a cry and thrust the fellow back while the others laughed.

"You shall not," cried a voice, and that moment a form came between Fido and the soldier.

It was the figure of Andreello, the fisher's son.

As the sun-browned Venetian boy straightened before the officer he threw up his sleeveless arm and waved the soldier back.

"You shall not touch the doge's page," he exclaimed. "I am but Andreello, and I have served you all against the old man yonder, but I love the boy in velvet, and you shall not touch him to rob him of the ribbons his mother gave him when he entered the service of the republic."

"Who is that boy?" asked the man on the throne as he leaned forward and looked at Andreello.

"Our spy, most noble master."

"Your spy? I am your spy!" answered Andreello. "I have been in your service and it was for you that I entered the grand palace. For you I left the nets and for you I watched the doge and his fellow conspirators. I entered the palace by the lion's head and went when I cared to quit it. I am the spy of the cabal against the old man yonder, but you shall not touch the boy whom you would rob of the rank he bears because he loves the doge."

"Very well, then, go forth, Andreello and Fido," cried the same harsh voice.

The boys went up together. They saw that a change had taken place in the palace of the doge. New men were on duty and Falleri's servants were not to be seen.

They learned what had taken place. The conspiracy of the white haired doge had been thwarted and Venice had been saved from overthrow by Falleri Marino and his plotters.

All at once the gate above the grand staircase was thrown open and two boys caught on their faces the rays of the declining sun ere it dropped into the waters of the Adriatic.

They came down the marble stairway arm in arm and parted as a gondola came up.

Fido was rowed home to his mother's arms and Andreello, the fisher and net mender, waved him a final adieu as the boat which carried him swept under the Rialto.

Then the little page heard it all; how the old doge had been beheaded; how all Venice was rejoicing over the overthrow of the princely conspirators; and how it was already moved that all portraits of Falleri should be veiled, as they have been ever since his treason.

Time came when two boys, one in velvet and one in poor garments—one with long silken hair and one with rough red locks—walked along the shores of the Adriatic and recalled their adventures in the grand palace the night of Falleri's treason.

And Fido would put his soft hand into Andreello's rough palm and, forgetting that he had been a boy in velvet, the old doge's enemies, would thank him for interfering when they would have forced him to betray his old master.



"Who art thou boy?" asked the page

master when you came down and found me. I thought it would be a good joke to enter with you and act as if I had never seen the great halls and the galleries before."

"But it compromised me," exclaimed Fido.

"So it did, but I never thought of that at the time."

The little page slipped from the arm that encircled his neck and drew off.

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DEVOTED TO THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF THE YOUNG READERS OF THE CONSTITUTION,

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ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY, JULY 12, 1896.

THE GRASS GREEN GNOME

OR

Cautious Peter's Three Wishes.

—BY J. CARTER BEARD.

"Oh, Greta, what a big, red, ripe strawberry!" cried Cautious Peter, and Greta, a pretty child a year or so younger than Peter, ran to see what he had found.

"Why, 'tis not a strawberry at all," said Greta, as Cautious Peter turned it over and over in his hand. See! It is a little red cap. It must belong to some girl's dolly. How strange to find it away here in the forest."

There was a rustling among the strawberry plants at their feet as if a field mouse were there.

"Hold on!" said Peter; "there is something in my trap." Peter had set his trap

shrieked the dwarf. "It would take just thirty-three and a third grass-green gnomes to grant even a hundred wishes. The best any of us can do is to give a mortal three wishes, and it's a terrible strain on our nervous system to do that."

"Honor bright?" asked Peter.

"I couldn't tell you anything but the truth if I wanted to," replied the dwarf. "In matters of this kind we labor under much greater disadvantages than you do. If the bargain is not honestly made or kept, we will find ourselves back again as we were before and have to pay an additional price to be released the second

of the grass-green gnomes to procure it for you, you shall have it.

The cockatrice vanished. He had gone to the Cave of the Winds, where their mother keeps them tied up in logs. She was on the most friendly terms with the grass-green gnomes and received and welcomed the cockatrice. She said she had so much to do with the grass-green gnomes, especially with the North Wind, she could not get out often, but was glad to have her neighbors call on her. Hers were good boys, she said; but, oh, so full of animal spirits. She could control them very well, unless they began waltzing, when she could do nothing with them until they had tired themselves out. In answer to the questions of the cockatrice, they one and all declared that in all their journeyings over the face of the earth they had never seen genuine, unadulterated contentment. The North Wind said there were, indeed, folks who lived at the end of the world amid ice and snow who had something like it, but it was so mixed up with stupidity and ignorance as to be practically useless for any one but themselves.

When the cockatrice failed to find it on the surface of the earth he sought it on the depths of the ocean and among the co-balds who live in the deepest parts of the earth, but it was not there, and he was obliged to return to Cautious Peter and tell him that his wish could not be granted. "It is out of the jurisdiction of the grass-green gnomes. You must pray heaven for it," said the cockatrice.

"I will," said Peter, soberly.

Many years afterwards, when Peter lay upon his bed in his cottage, old, helpless, lame and blind, there entered in at the door three cockatrices, who perched in a row upon the head of his bed. "We are three unwished wishes granted by the grass-green gnomes," said they. "We have waited in vain to be wished. We have called to know why we have never been called."

"Why," said Peter, "to tell the truth, I have never needed your assistance. Everything has gone on pretty nearly as well as I could expect, and as my grandmother used to say, 'Let well enough alone.'"

"But," said the first wish, "you might have a mint of money for the asking."

"Yes, so I might," answered Cautious Peter; "but look you: I have always had enough of such as I like to eat and to drink. Expensive dishes, such as great folks have, are not to my taste and do not agree with me. As for clothes, I have dressed as well as my neighbors, and to dress better would only provoke ridicule or envy and hatred."

"But," said the first wish, "you might have traveled and seen something of this big ball of dirt before you were ready to leave it."

"True!" said Cautious Peter, "but I have talked to folks who have been far away as Bremen and they all tell me that no-

and grateful as she seemed when I bore her from the burning house. If there are changes I do not wish to see them."

"But," said the third cockatrice, "why not wish health and strength and a life lasting for hundreds of years."

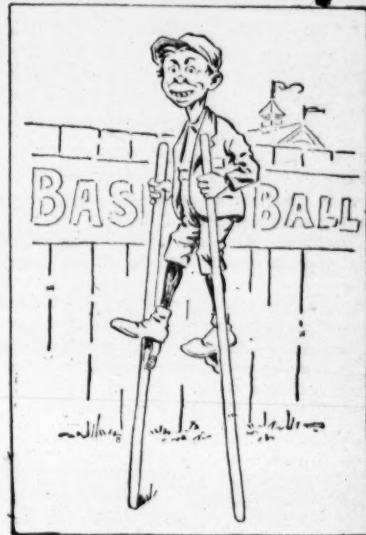
"No," said Cautious Peter. "I have lived so far I hope without very great offense to God or man, but I am a little tired of it all. This is a very nice world, but I am tired of a better one and having made my peace with heaven I hope to go there when my time comes. At least I may hope to find rest and forget my troubles."

"What then becomes of us?" asked the cockatrices in dismay.

"The truth is," said Cautious Peter, "that heaven having in some measure granted my first wish, I have all I can desire."

"Then there is nothing for us to do and we must go back where we came from," said the cockatrices. Peter never saw or wished to see them again, but three white doves came and sat at the head of his bed when the cockatrices flew away.

THE CROWDED GRAND STAND.



1—"Ain't dis a snap fer seein' de game?"



2—"Go it, Hennie—all de way round"—go it!"



3—Chorus: "Let's git a look."

MORAL.
When you have a snap, keep your mouth shut.

First Baseball Game.

The game of baseball was fifty years old last week, the first match game having been played at Hoboken, N. J., on June 19, 1846, between the Knickerbocker and New York clubs. Previous to that time town-ball had been the great game, but some of the devotees got their heads together and evolved a series of rules which changed the sport so materially that they decided to call it baseball. The first team was organized on September 23, 1845, but it was not until the following June that a match



CAUTIOUS PETER, GRETA AND THE GNOME.

for other game. He had hoped to capture a stoat, but found instead he had caught an exceedingly small dwarf, of extraordinary appearance, with grass-green clothes and complexion and a very long white beard.

"Give me my cap! Give me my cap!" shrieked the dwarf in a thin, piping voice.

"Give me my cap!"

"Oh, Peter, what is it?" cried Greta, clinging to him in alarm. "What can it be?"

"Who and what are you?" asked Cautious Peter, with his arm protectingly about the child.

"Give me my cap!" cried the creature.

"Give me my cap!"

"Oh, let's run away as fast as ever we can," said Greta. "I am frightened."

"No need to be scared," said Cautious Peter, though it cannot be denied his voice trembled a little. "It's caught safe enough in the trap and can't get at us."

"Give me my cap! Give me my cap!" wailed the dwarf. Wild with fright Greta broke away from Cautious Peter and, rushing down the forest path, disappeared amid rocks and bushes about which the path led.

Peter pursued, but was unable to overtake her—even to catch sight of her. At first he determined to follow and seek until he found her, but reflecting that the forest path was broad and well trodden, and that she knew every foot of the way, and, therefore, could not well get lost, he allowed his curiosity to lure him back again to have another look at the queer game he had captured. As soon as he drew near his trap he heard the thin, piping voice calling out:

"Give me my cap! Give me my cap!"

"Oh, ho!" said Peter. "I begin to remember what my grandmother used to tell me. If what she said is true, many a famous bargain has been made with elves whose red caps have been found and picked up by lads like myself."

"Give me my cap! Give me my cap!" cried the dwarf.

"I wonder if this one is an elf," soliloquized Cautious Peter. "Perhaps he is a brownie; though from his color I should call him a greenie; which, indeed, he must have been to have gone and got caught in a stoat trap."

"Give me my cap! Give me my cap!" cried the dwarf.

"Now," continued Peter, "my grandmother used to say that at least once in a lifetime one has a chance to catch a goose that will lay him golden eggs. I shouldn't wonder if this little green gosling would do as much for me."

"Give me my cap!" cried the dwarf.

"Give—"

"See here, Greeny!" interrupted Peter. "It's all very well for you to keep singing your little song, 'Give me my cap!' but I know a better one."

"Give something for nothing till nothing remains, And at last you'll get nothing at all for your pains."

"What do you want?" asked the dwarf. "Don't ask for too much. Remember, though, there is a lot of nonsense told about us, our power is limited. If it wasn't, I wouldn't be here."

"I believe you," said Peter; "but now that you are here it's going to cost you the fulfillment of three hundred wishes of mine to get away again."

"Didn't I tell you our power is limited?"

time. Now give attention. I shall not tell you this twice. Gather a three-leaved clover, pull off a leaf and make a wish. A cockatrice will immediately appear before you. Tell him what you want and your wish will be granted, provided it is within the bounds of nature and the power of the grass-green gnomes. Do not trouble your-



CAUTIOUS PETER AND THE COCKATRICE

self to open the trap. I can get away easily enough if I have my cap. All my power is in it."

In truth, no sooner had the dwarf received his cap than he vanished and the trap was empty.

As Peter walked slowly along the forest path toward the village he tried to make up his minds not what it was best to wish for, but what it was best not to wish for, "because," said Cautious Peter to himself, "I have never yet heard a story of persons who had three wishes who did not straightway wish themselves into some idiotic scrape and have to use up all the wishes they had left wishing themselves well out of it. Grandmother used to say: 'Choose wisely; remember contentment and health are better than station or power or wealth. There's no use wasting a wish on what one already has, so I won't bother now about health.'"

He picked a clover leaf and there before him he saw a cockatrice. It was flame covered and had the head, wings and legs of a bird and the tail of a serpent. Peter was so much interested in looking at it he forgot to speak.

"I am your first wish; give me a name," said the cockatrice.

"Bring me contentment for two," said Cautious Peter, for he meant to share his good fortune with Greta.

"Contentment?" inquired the cockatrice. "I do not know what it is."

"It is the name of my first wish," replied Peter.

"If you had wanted a cartload of diamonds as large as ostrich eggs or anything in reason," said the cockatrice, "you should have had it in the twinkling of an eye. But I will ask the four winds of heaven if they have met contentment on their travels, and if it is within the power

where can be found as pleasant a village as ours. So I would not care to go farther to look for comfort, especially to the ends of the earth, where I am told you meet folks with black or red or yellow faces who cannot even speak the German tongue. If one cannot find contentment at home among his own people, he certainly cannot expect to find it among a set of outlandish foreigners. Besides all this, the money is much safer where it is than if I should collect it and put it away somewhere. As long as I have but to wish for it to have it, it is better than to keep it in a bank, which may break."

"But," said the second cockatrice, "surely Greta was worth wishing for—Greta, whom all your life you have cared for so much, and whom you rescued from the flames when her father's house was burning and by so doing lost your eyesight and became a helpless cripple. Yet I hear the ungrateful girl preferred Hans, the gamekeeper, and became his wife."

"Ah," said Cautious Peter, "there indeed was a great temptation, and I like to have wasted a wish as foolishly as ever the old man in the story grandmother used to tell, who wished the pudding on the end of his wife's nose, for if Greta could not, of her own accord, like me without being compelled by magic to do so, I would rather she preferred Hans. Such forced affection would be worth nothing, and cause me no joy, but much unhappiness."

"You are blind," said the third wish. "Certainly you must wish to see the faces of your friends, the green grass, the flowers and the heavens at night where shine the stars."

"I see them," said Peter; "the heavens are always bright and the faces of my friends remain always young and happy. Best of all, I see Greta kind and true."

THE DEPTHS OF THE FIRMAMENT

Photography and the Telescope Are Solving Many Mysteries.

OF THE SIDEREAL SYSTEM

Show That the Milky Way Is Composed of Many Suns.

SOME ARE LARGER THAN OLD SOL HIMSELF

We Capture Rays of Light Which Left Their Source Thousands of Years Ago.

In the recent progress which has been made in the study of the heavens, the photographic plate has played a most important part. Indeed the facilities which the resources of photography have placed at the disposal of the astronomer, are every day increasing. The older methods of observation are in many cases gradually being displaced by the more accurate and far more comprehensive methods which the camera offers. It has been asserted, and I do not think that the truth of the assertion will be questioned, that the advance in the astronomer's art which is due to the introduction of the photographic plate into the observatory, is not less far-reaching in its effects than the advance which was inaugurated when Galileo first turned his newly made telescope to the sky, and thus wonderfully augmented the space penetrating power of human vision.

Almost the first feature which will strike the observer who is examining a good

telescope, is that though there may be hardly any part of the area presented which is quite free from stars, yet that they are distributed with very great irregularity. In some regions the stars are aggregated in countless myriads, indeed in many parts of the heavens they lie so closely packed that the individual points can hardly be distinguished separately. Ordinary observation, even with the unaided eye, prepares us in a measure for this striking irregularity in stellar distribution.

Who has not often dwelt with admiration on that glorious stellar girdle which we know as the Milky Way? It is a mighty zone of stars surrounding our solar system. Indeed a just estimate of the relation of the sun to other bodies in the scheme of the universe would regard our great luminary merely as one of similar stars aggregated in countless myriads to form the Milky Way. From the peculiar nature of the stars in the Galaxy, as this system is often called, it is quite obvious that these wonderful starry clusters have some bond of connection between their component parts, due probably to a common origin. To realize the splendor of the Milky Way we have to remember that minute as the stars of which it is composed may seem from where we are situated, yet each one of those stars is in truth shining with the independent brilliance of a sun. It might have been thought that it would be quite impossible for an object so vast and so bright as our sun, to display no greater splendor than that feeble twinkling which is all that reaches us from one of the stars in the Milky Way. Here, however, the question of distance is of paramount importance.

If the sun which shines in our skies were to be withdrawn from our neighborhood into the depths of space, it would be carried to a distance as remote as is that of many of the stars which we see around us, our great luminary would have lost all its pre-eminent splendor, and would have dwindled to the relative insignificance of a small star, not nearly so bright as many of those stars which shine over our heads every night. I do not indeed say that each and every one of the stars in the Milky Way is as large as our sun; no one who understood the evidence would have the hardihood to assume that such a proposition. At the same time I should add that I do not know any grounds on which such a statement could be certainly contradicted. If any one did assume that the probability is to be that, though many of the stars in the Milky Way may resemble our sun in luster or dimensions yet there are in that marvelous group suns lesser and greater in nearly as many grades of magnitudes as there are objects in the Galaxy itself.

The problem of determining the distance of the star from the earth, is one which taxes the highest resources of the observing astronomer. Of all the millions of the celestial host there are hardly 100 stars whose distances have been measured with accuracy by those surveying operations by which alone this problem can be accurately solved. We are, however, not quite destitute of methods by which we can in some degree estimate the remoteness of other stars, even though their distances may be so great as to elude entirely our visibility. It is plain that these stars, assuming that they are intrinsically as bright as the stars which can just be seen with the unaided eye, must be at least 100 times as remote.

It should also be observed that a star as bright as Sirius would still be visible to the unaided eye, though of course only as a very small point, if it were translated to a distance ten times as great as that at which

it is now situated; if Sirius were at a distance of 100 fold greater than that at which it now lies, it would still be found within the range of a telescope of moderate power. Indeed, if Sirius were at a distance 1,000 times as great as that by which it is at present separated from us, it would still not have passed beyond the ken of our mightiest telescopes. We have thus sound reasons for our belief that some of the stars which we can see through our great telescopes are at least 1,000 times as remote from the earth as Sirius.

Recent researches made by Dr. Gill and Dr. Ekin at the Cape of Good Hope have demonstrated that the distance of Sirius amounts to. It has been shown that the rays from Sirius traveling as they do with the stupendous speed of light, namely, at the rate of 180,000 miles each second, would nevertheless require not less than nine years to traverse the distance between that star and our system. In other words, when we are looking at Sirius tonight, we do not see that star as it is at present, but we see it as it was nine years ago. The light which reaches our eyes tonight must in fact have left the star nine years before. We have already shown that there is good reason for the belief that there are stars which are still visible in our great telescopes, notwithstanding that they are 1,000 times further from us than the brilliant Sirius. It follows by a line of reasoning which it seems impossible to question, that the light from such a star must have occupied a period of not less than 1,000 years in its journey to the earth. The consequences of such a calculation are indeed momentous. It is plain that we do not see such stars tonight as they are tonight, but as they were when our earth was 5,000 years younger. The light from such stars which is now entering our eyes at the close of this unparalleled journey has occupied all that long interval in crossing the abyss which intervenes between the solar system, and the awful stellar depths. Things hardly conceivable in the past have taken place in the time which the light has taken to travel the distance which it now carries in a second. Indeed, the stars might have totally ceased to exist for the past 5,000 years and we should still find them shining in their places. Not until all the light which was on its way to earth at the

time of the star's extinction had entered our eyes, would the tidings of that extinction have become known to us. We are looking at such stars as they existed long before the earliest period to which any records of human history extend.

We can illustrate the same subject in another way. Suppose that there were astronomers in those remote stars, and that they were equipped with telescopes enormously more powerful than any telescopes which we have ever constructed. Suppose that notwithstanding the vast distance at which they lie they had the means of scrutinizing carefully the features of the earth. In what condition would our globe be presented from their point of view? These distant observers would not see any traces of the cities and the nations that we exist. Britain would appear to them as a forest inhabited by a few savages and North America would be the home of the bison and the red man. They would look down on an Egypt in which the pyramids had not yet been built, and they might survey the sites of Babylon and Nineveh long ere those famous cities had been restored. Besides those stellar objects of which we have spoken there are of course others seemingly as numerous as the sand on the seashore. No spectacle which the heavens display is more impressive to the beholder than that of a globular cluster, in which thousands of stars are heaped packed closely together within the limits of his field of view. Each of those stars is itself a sun, the whole forming a dense group of associated suns. Indeed, we would be surprised if the glory which would shine upon a planet which was situated in such a system. It seems, however, impossible that planets in association with thousands of suns, such as are found in a globular cluster, could possess climatic conditions of sufficient constancy to meet the needs of the system of life. For the development of life practical stability of climate would seem to be essential. Such conditions could so far as we know only be secured by the system of our own solar system, in which the sun is controlled by a single sun around which the several planets revolve. In such a case there would be no disturbance to the regularity of the system, except those minor vicissitudes which arise from the attraction of other planets equally beholden to the central luminary. But a planet primarily attached to one of the suns belonging to a globular cluster would be so much disturbed in its revolution by the attractions of the other surrounding suns that the movement of the body would in all probability be too irregular to be compatible with any stable climatic conditions. The vicissitudes of climate with which we are familiar would seem as nothing in comparison with the vicissitudes of climate in a planet belonging to a system of several suns. It would seem that occasionally the planet must come so near to one or the other of the attracting suns that if any life had existed on such a planet it would necessarily be subjected to destruction.

Besides these globular clusters, the heavens contain many other associations of stars arranged in striking groups. We may mention for instance the famous cluster in Perseus, an object of indescribable beauty, which fortunately lies within the reach of telescopes of comparatively moderate power. There are also many clusters so distant that the stars are hardly to be discerned separately, in which case the object looks like a nebula, as it is called. The perception of the isolated stars of which the nebulous looking object is formed, becomes a problem which can only be solved by the very highest telescope. It has been conjectured that these dim and distant clusters may be associations of stars very like that of the Milky Way system. It may, indeed, be the case that a sidereal group like the Milky Way system, if transferred to an extremely remote part of the universe, would present much the same appearance in our telescopes as that which one of these nebulous clusters does at present.

Magnificent as are the sidereal systems displayed to our observation, we ought still to remember that there is a limit to our

vision. Even the largest and most brilliant of suns might be so remote as to be entirely beyond the ken of the greatest of telescopes and the most sensitive of photographic plates. Doubtless stars exist in profusion elsewhere than in those parts of space which alone come within range of our instruments. As space is boundless it follows that the regions through which our telescopes have hitherto carried our vision must be as nothing in comparison with the realms whose contents must remain utterly unknown. Innumerable as may seem the stars whose existence is already manifest, there is every reason to believe that they do not amount to one-millionth part of the stars which occupy the impenetrable depths of the firmament.

Scientific Industrial

Conducted by J. A. MORRIS.

Railway Promotions.

Evidently it requires more than money to successfully run a railroad. In this particularly practical business, brains and experience appear to be the touchstones of success. These immense transportation lines may not have as much sentiment in their general make-up as the average girl graduate, or as much gushing concern for the dear people as the candidate for coroner or congress. Yet, when it comes down to rock-bottom sense and practical benefit, the railway is prominently in evidence. Not the least of these benefits is the absolute encouragement the railway always holds out to its employees. Some baggage masters will always help the trunk makers; some conductors will punch tickets until they die; some clerks and messengers will shove pens and run errands until they slowly "shuffle off this mortal coil," but some baggage masters, some conductors, some clerks and some messengers will, by merit alone, rise to managers and presidents. "There is always room on top" of the

From Industrial World.

It appears that the situation is now to be used for killing whales. A dynamo, with power producing apparatus, is to be placed on a whaler, and not used until the whale is to be a big reel of insulated wire, which is to be placed in a boat when a whale is sighted. One end of the wire is connected with the dynamo, and at the other end which will be in the boat, will be a hard rubber stick, and is attached to a piece of metal twenty-four inches long and one inch in diameter. This metal rod is shared at the end, so as to penetrate the flesh of the whale easily. The combined rubber and metal rod is run through the whale's back, and when near the big fish the harpoon will throw the electric barbs. At the time of striking there will be a current of 100 volts running through the wire. When the point of the needle strikes the whale a current connection will be formed with the dynamo, the whale will get the full shock of the high voltage and will be dead in the fraction of a second. At least this is the calculation of the enterprising captain of the whaler.

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Science's Explanation of Moonlight.

The moon is a mirror which reflects the sunlight to us," writes Alden W. Quinby, in July Ladies' Home Journal. His explanation of moonlight with the spectroscopic shows, of course, the same spectrum as that of our sun. The quality of the reflection is indicated in the announcement that it would take no fewer than six hundred full moons to supply to us an amount of light equal to that which we get from the sun, and there is only sky room for say, seventy-five thousand of them. Some heat comes from the moon, but ordinary methods will not measure it. However, it is estimated that it is about one eighty thousandth of the amount which the sun supplies to us. With this feature of the moon's orbit to the horizon accounts for the "Harvest" and the "Hunter's" moon, which occur when the tripping is slowest, thus permitting the moon to rise about the same time for several successive evenings. The moon often appears much enlarged when on the horizon, but this is caused by the refractive feature of the air about the horizon and the natural tendency to compare it with terrestrial objects.

The Haemostat.

Demonstrations have been given lately at the Hotel Wald, in London, by an electric haemostat, an instrument which, as the name denotes, is intended for the arrest of bleeding in surgical operations. A platinum wire, arranged to carry a current, is inclosed in the blades of a pair of steel forceps, or any other requisite instrument, the wire being looked up by a bed of metal pipelay. A current of suitable voltage is turned on, the artery seized and compressed, and in a few seconds the tissues and vessels wall are so agglutinated that the passage of blood is rendered impossible. The temperature employed is about 180 degrees F., so that it will be seen that the principle is fundamentally different from that of electrical cauterizing instruments. It is stated that by Mr. Falt's instrument the necessity for a ligature is removed, and a new and completely effective method is placed in the hands of the surgeon for the treatment of surface oozing.

Prolific Electrical Inventors.

The electrical collaborator of The New York Evening Post had an article in a recent number of that journal from which we extract the following: "Electrical inventors have always been known as busy men, but it is not until the publication of recent statistics that it was fully realized how very active and indefatigable they are. The list of inventors taken up by the most United States patents is easily led by them. Edison has 711 patents to his own name, and hence is well worthy of the general public, but a more notable factor in the domain of electricity, has 248. Only those who have taken out a patent have slightest conception of the amount of work involved

useful purposes, as a nonconducting covering against heat and cold alike for steam pipes and cold storage room walls, as a sound deadener in floors of buildings, and as a means of fireproofing, is, as its name implies, a soft and woolly substance, consisting of a mass of very fine mineral fibers interlacing one another in every direction, and thus forming an endless number of minute cells, which, when compressed, return to their original shape.

The wool appears on the market in a variety of colors, principally white, but often yellow or gray, and occasionally russet dark, and is made in the form of scoriae and certain rocks, while in a molten state, into a fibrous condition by a steam blast directed against the liquid material. Blast-furnace slag forms the raw material for one variety of the wool and sandstone for another, yielding, respectively, slag wool and rock wool, the latter being preferable for pipe covering, because of the absence of sulphur, which, with moisture present, becomes an active corroding agent.

The furnace slag or the rock, as the case may be, is melted in a large cupola, and as it trickles out at the top hole in a somewhat sluggish stream it meets a high-pressure steam jet which atomizes the molten material, if it may be so termed, blowing it in fleecy clouds into the storage room. Under the soft and downy, the stuff settles wherever resting place offers itself, the heavier wool coming down first, while the lighter portions are blown further along by the force of the steam and settling in the more distant parts of the room. The material thus naturally grades itself into varieties of different qualities. "A thousand pounds of wool per hour are turned out by one of the cupolas, and after the storage room has been blown full, the molten mass is pushed into bags, ready for the market. The whole process affords an admirable and interesting illustration of the utilization of a formerly waste product.

Fuel Gas.

The Commercial Bulletin, of Boston, alludes to the rapidly increasing use of fuel gas. This is undoubtedly due, in a large measure, to the building and occupancy of apartment houses, where gas has taken the place of coal for cooking purposes, and to a limited extent for heating, also. The Bulletin says:

"We doubt whether the general public has as yet come to realize the possibilities of fuel gas. It was only the few who appreciated in its early stages the possible development of the telephone. Some few years hence people will revert to the use of coal. The future will unquestionably witness the universal use of gas for fuel purposes. A cheap gas at 50 or 75 cents per 1,000 feet is certain to be used in preference to coal at \$6 per ton, with its accompanying cost of putting in the boiler, pipes and ashes, and its twin necessity of wood or charcoal for the furnace.

"Compared to the cleanliness of fuel gas, our present methods of fuel are crude, but not yet out of date, owing to the fact that fuel gas is just beginning to be introduced. But, as the gas is not yet in the plain to be read, and we notice that the gas, as Edison, and the large gas interests of the country are doing their best to keep it bound to be the fuel of the immediate future. And if the present business of the State is to be doubled, tripled, or quadrupled by the manufacture and sale of gas, it is, of course, follows that the profits of these companies are certain to be enormous.

"From the situation is peculiarly favorable to the introduction of fuel gas. Two sets of mains are already laid, thus obviating the expense and necessity of tearing up the streets. Not only that, but Mr. H. M. Whitney by which will supply them with a cheap gas, made by his incorporation, the Edison Gas Company, recently incorporated by act of the legislature."

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and the employment given to an army of experts of all kinds."

A Railroad Across the Atlantic.

The chairman of the Tower bridge committee, London, is said to have once received a letter from a Belfast genius, with a proposal which completely puts in the shade any possible imaginable way of bridging or tunneling the English channel. He declared that he had invented nothing less than a submergence railway and locomotive engine to cross the Atlantic. Such details as the provision of air for the passengers and coal for the engine appear to have been too trivial for him to descend to consider, but doubtless in due course these trifles will be provided for. A very similar absurdity, the proposal of a French physician to form a syndicate—but what can that blessed business, a syndicate, not do—for the purpose of constructing a submarine railway along the bottom of the channel, the cars to be provided with air tubes reaching to the surface.

A more genuine engineering proposal is that for the postal tubes between France and England. Each tube is projected to have a diameter of three feet, to be suspended by steel cables at a height of 120 feet above the water. The cables are to be fixed to pillars reaching from the bottom to the required height, erected at intervals of 800 yards apart. Miniature trains, each with a suitable load of mail matter, will run through the tubes. A big development of this postal tube is the idea of a Spaniard to transmit letters in pneumatic tubes laid from South America to Europe, by which a letter deposited in the tube at Rio Janeiro would arrive in Europe the same day.

Electrolytic Manufacture of White Lead.

R. P. Williams (J. Am. Chem. Soc. 17, 835-842) describes the patent process of A. B. Brown for the electrolytic current of sodium nitrate, containing about one pound to the gallon, in wood cells provided with porous diaphragms; the nitric acid radical attacks the positive electrode, which is of metallic lead, and the lead nitrate solution thus formed is precipitated later by the sodium hydroxide produced at the other electrode. The precipitated lead hydroxide is digested with bicarbonate of soda solution, whereby lead carbonate in a very fine state of division is obtained. The sodium nitrate is small for regeneration. The sodium bicarbonate used is formed by passing carbon dioxide into the caustic soda solution. It is claimed that the process can be made a commercial success, the white lead being equal or superior to that made by the old "Dutch process." The plant required is small for a considerable output, and there is no loss of time, the reactions taking place rapidly. There is a great saving in labor and materials as compared with the Dutch process. Tests of durability show this lead to be fully equal to Dutch lead.

Photographing Thought.

Thought has been photographed by Dr. Baraduc, a Roumanian; at least that is what he tells the Paris Academie de Medicine, backing up his assertion by many photographs. These are said to be rather curious, though a few are distinct, reproducible persons and things. The method employed is for the person whose thought is to be photographed to enter a dark room, place his hand on the object to be photographed, and then, while Dr. Baraduc is present, to make a mental picture of the object. It is possible to produce a photographic image at a great distance, and instances the case of Dr. Baraduc, who has taken a photograph of a person at a distance of 180 miles from Bucharest, told his friend Mr. Hasdeu that he would appear on one of his photographic plates in Bucharest. On a specified night Mr. Hasdeu went to bed at Bucharest with a photographic plate at his feet and another at his head, while Dr. Baraduc went to bed at Campina, willing with all his might that his image should appear on his friend's plate. Persons who have seen the plate say there is on it a luminous spot in the middle of which a man's profile can be made out.

A Paper Refrigerator.

The following simple method of keeping ice water in a common pitcher is worth knowing: Put a layer of cotton batting between two sheets of wrapping paper three inches higher than the pitcher. Fasten the ends of the paper and batting to each other, forming a circle. Paste a cover over one end of the batting and paper. This cover, when over a pitcher, must come close to the stand and so exclude the air, and ice will keep long time. This paper cover will be found of great service in a sickroom for both milk and water pitchers.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coal Tongue Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Substitution

the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's,

Ask for Carter's,

Insist and demand

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

GUARANTEED APOLLO.

Every sheet of Apollo Galvanized Iron ought to be perfect; if not, return it at jobber's expense.

The worker wants good iron as well as skill and good tools.

Apollo is right in a dozen ways where other galvanized irons are sometimes right and sometimes wrong.

Apollo Iron and Steel Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Just received an elegant assortment of Men's Linen and Crash Suits—single and double breasted—also Od Trousers of the same materials.

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Men's Best \$4.00 Tan Shoes cut to.....\$2.98

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Men's Low Shoes at still greater reduction. This includes Hernani's and other finest goods.

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